

# A WINTER THOUGHT

What Winter is a early sign,  
 Frost, blizzard, snow and gray;  
 His thoughtless sleep comes from the North  
 All things green and gay.  
 But he's a just elf,  
 Of snow and gentle art,  
 Who brings a kind and gentle frost  
 Of shivering in his heart.  
 When he departs in driving wind,  
 The flowers of summer's trail,  
 In whisper of sparkling frost  
 Upon the window-pane.  
 —J. E. Macfarland, in Harper's Weekly.

# HUMOR OF THE DAY

Tell us not in mournful numbers  
 Life is but an empty dream,  
 When we've had mince pie and doughnuts,  
 Turkey, cake and real hot cream.  
 —Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Melodramatic—"I hear Hugo, the  
 violinist, has broken his back?"  
 Melodramatic—"Well, that's a funny  
 snap!"—Syracuse Post.

The centre-board of a yacht is most  
 important in a race, but on a pleasure-  
 trip the side-board is most thought of.  
 —New Orleans Picayune.

She—"These horrid photographs  
 don't do me justice at all." He—"My  
 love, it's not justice you stand in need  
 of, it's mercy."—New York Ledger.

—A rose by any other name  
 Might be as fragrant. Still,  
 We'd all be just as penniless  
 When settling up the bill.  
 —Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Twenty per cent. of the Chicago  
 women who registered did not vote at  
 the late election. It is evident that  
 Tuesday is bargain-day in Chicago.  
 —Rochester Herald.

Teacher (to class)—"In this stanza  
 what is meant by the line 'The  
 shadow of night was falling fast?'"  
 Clever Scholar—"The people were  
 pulling down the blinds."—Tit-Bits.

Songster these days the tide will turn,  
 Though the river looks long and dim;  
 But while you're waiting you'd better learn  
 To swim, my boy, to swim!  
 —Atlantic Constitution.

Intimate Friend—"Has your hus-  
 band's love grown cool?" Sarcastic  
 Wife—"Oh, no. He loves himself  
 just as much now as he did when we  
 were married twenty years ago."—  
 Somerville Journal.

"Did I understand you to say that  
 Thompson was a farmer?" "Good  
 gracious, no! I said he made his  
 money in wheat. You never heard of  
 a farmer doing that, did you?"—In-  
 dianapolis Journal.

In a suburban Boston pulpit last  
 Sunday morning this notice was read:  
 "The pastor will preach his last ser-  
 mon this evening, and the choir has  
 arranged a special praise service for  
 the occasion."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The pen may be mightier than the sword,  
 But many a man is willing  
 To let that little typewriter  
 Is ever so much more killing.  
 —Puck.

Traveler (to train-boy)—"Got any  
 funny books—Mark Twain or any of  
 the humorists?" Train-Boy—"No,  
 sir; but I've got a couple of London  
 papers containing comments on the  
 American elections."—Chicago Rec-  
 ord.

Minnie—"Did you hear about Mol-  
 ly's fiancé falling off the trolley car  
 and breaking his arm?" Mamie—  
 "Yes. I wonder if he will sue the  
 company for damages?" Minnie—"I  
 guess not. I shouldn't wonder if she  
 does though."—Cincinnati Tribune.

Father (to son who is just going out  
 in the world)—"And remember one  
 thing—never marry a girl as is richer  
 than yourself. When I married your  
 mother I had five dollars and she had  
 twelve and a half, and she never ceased  
 to throw it up in my face yet."—  
 Judge.

# Diamonds Are Hard

After perfect rubies and emeralds,  
 and perhaps after great pearls, comes  
 the diamond in value. This, too, has  
 a range of colors, the most prized be-  
 ing red, blue, green and water white,  
 while brown or gray tinges are not  
 quite so highly esteemed. The Koh-i-  
 Noor, of 102 carats, ranks low in point  
 of size with some of the world's great  
 stones—for instance with the Great  
 Mogul, 279 carats in weight. Diamond  
 is the hardest mineral known, brittle  
 though it be; acids do not effect it,  
 and it is also the only combustible  
 gem. It has high refractive and dis-  
 persive powers ("fire"), and some  
 specimens become phosphorescent by  
 the action of light. It usually occurs  
 as an eight-sided crystal. —New York  
 Times.

# He Dates on Day

The Cleveland papers report the  
 curious case of Mrs. Charles Umsted,  
 of that city, who had her husband ar-  
 rested for alleged assault and battery.  
 It came out in court that the cause of  
 the domestic impropriety was her  
 refusal to cook dog food for Charles on the  
 family stove. Her energetic re-  
 sistance against his efforts to con-  
 vert the children to his own views as  
 to the toothlessness of that viand  
 provoked him to violence. Charles  
 promised the justice to keep the peace  
 in the family, and was let go with a  
 caution from the bench. Subsequently  
 he told a reporter that he had been  
 eating dog food for ten years past  
 and prefers it to chicken. —Atlantic  
 Constitution.

# Lucky Hunt

Precious stones are numerous in cer-  
 tain districts of India, but the rajahs  
 who own the property are jealous of  
 all strangers, and resent all trespass-  
 ing. Occasionally a fine gem is found  
 by a sportsman or traveler. A party of  
 English officers was out one day shoot-  
 ing on the estate of a petty chief, but  
 bagged little game.

On the return from the hunt a young  
 officer picked up a stone which lay in  
 his path, and idly threw it against a  
 rock. It broke into a dozen pieces, and  
 out tumbled a beautiful, brilliant peb-  
 ble. The Englishman picked it up,  
 looked at it, and was about to throw it  
 away, but changed his mind, and  
 thrust it into his pocket, remarking as  
 he did so:

"I'll keep this thing as a memento  
 of my hunt at this beastly place, where  
 I didn't shoot so much as a rat."

Arrived at Bombay, the officer  
 dropped into a jeweler's store to have  
 his watch repaired. While at the coun-  
 ter his hand came in contact with the  
 pebble which he still carried in his  
 pocket. He showed it to the jeweler,  
 and said:

"Here's a nice stone I found. What'll  
 you give me for it?"

The man looked at the stone, and  
 after examining it carefully, answered,  
 "I'll give you 100 rupees for it."

Had the jeweler offered a shilling, he  
 might have been told to take the stone  
 and keep the shilling, as the officer had  
 not up to that time thought his find of  
 any value; but the offer of 100 rupees,  
 about \$50, awoke his suspicions that  
 he had a fine diamond, and he re-  
 sponded with a laugh.

"I dare say you would give me that  
 and a trifle more, but I'm going to take  
 it to England with me."

He did so, and sold his pebble in  
 London for over three thousand pounds.

# CHEMISTRY IN INDIA.

Some Curious Answers Given by  
 Natives in a Written Examination.

The uncivilized nations are like chil-  
 dren in their simplicity and gulleless-  
 ness. Every adult knows what odd  
 questions a child will ask and what  
 curious explanations they are in the  
 habit of giving. Nothing could equal  
 the childlike simplicity of the questions  
 lately given in an examination in  
 chemistry held in an Indian university.  
 "Sulphur is a smelly gas. Nitrogen  
 is a remarkably lazy gas and is good  
 for nothing. Carbon always exists in  
 a dark room. There is no living being  
 in the whole world that does not con-  
 tain carbon.

"Gas is made by filling a poker with  
 coal and heating it. Chlorine gives  
 botheration to the throat. Hydrogen  
 is a colorless, invincible gas and burns  
 itself without anybody's help. Nitric  
 acid is used in the preparation of cur-  
 rant electricity. It is very bad for  
 teachers to pour it on our hands.

"Soda is formed by heating castor oil  
 and potash. Caustic soda is used in  
 the manufacture of soda water, and this  
 is used in medicine for purgative pur-  
 poses. Caustic soda is used as a sum-  
 mer drink. Quicklime is made by pour-  
 ing water on slaked lime. We can eat  
 this substance (CaO); it has the power  
 of digesting food.

"Lime is used as a kind of gum for  
 laborers to stick bricks together."

# Speech of an African Prince.

Prince Ademuyiwa of Pebu Remo, in  
 West Africa, was lately entertained at  
 lunch by the Lord Mayor of London  
 at the Mansion House, then taken in  
 a state coach to the Guildhall, where he  
 sat through a session of the Common  
 Council and made a speech to it in Eng-  
 lish, which the Council directed should  
 be entered on its record. Here is the  
 speech: "The Right Honorable Lord  
 Mayor, My Lord and Honorable Mem-  
 bers of the Corporation: I feel I shall  
 not be doing justice to myself and peo-  
 ple if I were to leave this court with-  
 out returning you my hearty and sin-  
 cere thanks for the honor paid me in  
 allowing me here and to seat next the  
 Lord Mayor. I have been made, whilst  
 seated here, to believe the more that  
 knowledge is power; that free liberty of  
 speech is the great boon of the Eng-  
 lish nation; that the secret of your  
 greatness is the Bible, and that I was  
 not mistaken when I advised my coun-  
 cil in the King of Jebu Remo, an indepen-  
 dent native State, West Africa, to ac-  
 cept a British resident and place the  
 country under Her Majesty's protec-  
 tion, and that he will be left to his in-  
 dependence to manage the internal af-  
 fairs of his kingdom. I again return  
 you my sincere thanks, and wish you  
 God's blessing. Good-by."

# Discourages High Buildings.

A law has gone into force in Wash-  
 ington prohibiting any building over  
 110 feet high on a business street and  
 ninety feet high on other streets.

# Electric Wires.

Some writers very aptly liken the nerves  
 to electric wires, and the general working of  
 their system to that of electric cars. A man  
 who "rips his trolley" like Mr. Jeremiah  
 Kney, 1812 W. Lombard St., Baltimore, Md.,  
 will need something better than even a  
 galvanic battery to set him all right. Mr. Kney  
 found that something in the following way  
 "I suffered," he says, "a long time with  
 neuralgia in the hand. I gave St. Jacobs Oil  
 a fair trial and am entirely cured." In this  
 way the great remedy acts as a motorman to  
 restore broken wires, and sets the system to  
 perfect action.

# The Rise of the Buckwheat Cake

The leaven of yesterday ruins the cake of to-day.  
 Don't spoil good buckwheat with dying raising-  
 batter—fresh cakes want Royal Baking Powder.

Grandma used to raise to-day's buckwheats  
 with the souring left over of yesterday! Dear  
 old lady, she was up to the good old times. But  
 these are days of Royal Baking Powder—fresh-  
 ness into freshness raises freshness.

And this is the way the buckwheat cake of  
 to-day is made: Two cups of Buckwheat, one  
 cup of wheat flour, two tablespoons of Royal  
 Baking Powder, one half teaspoonful of salt,  
 all sifted well together. Mix with milk into a  
 thin batter and bake at once on a hot griddle.

Do not forget that no baking powder can be sub-  
 stituted for the "Royal" in making pure,  
 sweet, delicious, wholesome food.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

# STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, Lucas County.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the  
 senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY &  
 Co., doing business in the City of Toledo,  
 County and State aforesaid, and that said firm  
 will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOL-  
 LARS for each and every case of Catarrh that  
 cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH  
 CURE.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my  
 presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.  
 A. W. GLEASON,  
 Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts  
 directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of  
 the system. Send for test monials, free.  
 F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.  
 Sold by Druggists, 75c.

There are over ten million ruptured people in  
 this country alone! To those of our readers  
 thus unfortunately afflicted we call attention  
 to the advertisement of G. V. House Mfg. Co.,  
 74 Broadway, New York. This old reliable  
 firm make a very comfortable truss which can  
 be worn night and day with ease, and is war-  
 ranted to retain the rupture under all circum-  
 stances. Send for a catalogue or go to see them.

# Swallow It.

That is the best way to take a Ripans Tab-  
 ule, best because the most pleasant. For all  
 liver and stomach disorders Ripans Tablets  
 are the most effective remedy, in fact, the  
 standard.

Roger Mills county is the Democratic  
 stronghold of Missouri.

Dr. Kimer's SWAMP-ROOT cures  
 all Kidney and Bladder troubles,  
 Pains and Inflammation free.  
 Laboratory Binghamton, N.Y.

Birmingham, England, makes 7,000 guns  
 weekly.

Karl's Clover Root, the great blood purifier,  
 gives freshness and clearness to the complexion  
 and cures constipation. 25 cts. 50 cts. \$1.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children  
 teething, softens the gums, reduces inflamma-  
 tion, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.



# KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and  
 tends to personal enjoyment when  
 rightly used. The many who live bet-  
 ter than others and enjoy life more, with  
 less expenditure, by more promptly  
 adapting the world's best products to  
 the needs of physical being, will attest  
 the value to health of the pure liquid  
 laxative principles embraced in the  
 remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting  
 in the form most acceptable and pleas-  
 ant to the taste, the refreshing and truly  
 beneficial properties of a perfect laxa-  
 tive; effectually cleansing the system,  
 dispelling colds, headaches and fevers  
 and permanently curing constipation.  
 It has given satisfaction to millions and  
 met with the approval of the medical  
 profession, because it acts on the Kid-  
 neys, Liver and Bowels without weak-  
 ening them and it is perfectly free from  
 every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all drug-  
 gists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is man-  
 ufactured by the California Fig Syrup  
 Co. only, whose name is printed on every  
 package, also the name, Syrup of Figs,  
 and being well informed, you will not  
 accept any substitute if offered.

# Husband's Grievance.

All things have their limits and im-  
 perfections, even woman's taste in mat-  
 ters of dress. The Indianapolis Jour-  
 nal represents a "worried-looking"  
 man as saying:

"My wife has the poorest kind of  
 taste about dress."

"Indeed!" answered his neighbor.  
 "I always understood from my women  
 folks that she was one of the best  
 dressers in town."

"Oh, that is all right enough. But  
 I'm talking about my own clothes. She  
 thinks two \$15 suits a year are plenty  
 enough for me."

We think Fiso's Cure for Consumption is the  
 only medicine for Coughs—JENNIE PINKARD,  
 Springfield, Illinois, October 1, 1884.



The "LINENE" are the Best and Most Econom-  
 ical Collars and Cuffs worn; they are made of fine  
 cloth, both sides finished alike, and being revers-  
 ible, one collar is equal to two of any other kind.  
 They fit well, wear well and look well. A box of  
 Ten Collars or Five Pairs of Cuffs for Twenty-Five  
 Cents.  
 A Sample Collar and Pair of Cuffs by mail for Six  
 Cents. Name style and size. Address  
 REVERSIBLE COLLAR COMPANY,  
 17 Franklin St., New York. 27 Elby St., Boston.

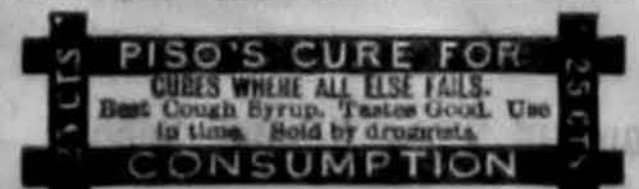


RUPTURE Cured  
 POSITIVELY  
 HOLDS RUPTURE  
 Worn night and day. Has  
 an Adjustable Pad which  
 can be made larger or  
 smaller to suit changing  
 condition of RUPTURE.  
 Blue Cat. sent securely  
 sealed by G. V. House Mfg. Co., 74 Broadway, N. Y. City

Wanted—cents for Safety Odorless  
 Kettles. The best article in the mar-  
 ket for agents to make money selling.  
 One agent reports 20 sold the first  
 day, another 25 in two days; and her  
 100 in ten days. Send 3-cent stamp for cir-  
 cular. J. H. DAY & CO., Cincinnati, O.

WALL ST. NEWS LETTER of value sent  
 FREE to readers of this paper.  
 Charles A. Baldwin & Co., 40 Wall St., N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED. One earned \$4,000;  
 many over \$1,000 in 1884. P. O. 1371, New York.



PISO'S CURE FOR  
 CONSUMPTION  
 CURES WHILE ALL ELSE FAILS.  
 Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use  
 in time. Sold by druggists.



Tied  
 Down  
 —the woman  
 who doesn't use  
 Pearline. She's tied  
 to her work, and tired  
 with it, too. Pearline makes another woman of her. It  
 washes and cleans in half the time, with half the work.  
 Nothing can be hurt by it, and every thing is saved with it.  
 Pearline does away with the Rub, Rub, Rub. Pearline  
 does more than soap; soap gives you more to do.

Beware  
 Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you,  
 "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S  
 FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, if your grocer sends  
 you an imitation, be honest—and if back.  
 JAMES PYLE, New York.

"A Good Tale Will Bear Telling Twice." Use Sapollo!

Use

SAPOLIO

You are all right

IF!

your Stomach,  
 Liver and Bowels  
 are performing  
 their functions  
 properly. . . .

IF NOT!

ARipansTabule  
 will do the work.

EASILY Carried in Pocket  
 Taken.

50 Cents a Box.  
 At Druggists.

W. L. DOUGLAS  
 \$3 SHOE IS THE BEST.  
 \$5 CORDOVAN  
 FRENCH & ENAMELLED CALF.



Over One Million People wear the  
 W. L. Douglas \$3 & \$4 Shoes  
 All our shoes are equally satisfactory  
 They give the best value for the money.  
 They equal custom shoes in style and fit.  
 Their wearing qualities are unsurpassed.  
 The prices are uniform,—stamped on sole.  
 From \$1 to \$5 saved over other makes.  
 If your dealer cannot supply you we can.

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS,  
 Washington, D. C.  
 Successfully Prosecutes Claims.  
 Late Principal Examiner U. S. Pension Bureau.  
 5 years' last war, in adjudicating claims, all states.

PATENTS TRADE MARKS Examination  
 and advice as to patentability of  
 invention. Send for Inventors Guide, or how to get a  
 patent. PATRICK O'FARRELL, Washington, D. C.



April 5, 1895

Dumfries County.

CHURCH is ad-  
dition the yearOffice at Martin-  
ville, N. C.Legislature is  
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dividing the races  
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rich would breed a  
ch any devilishness  
eted."Big Foot" Wal-  
lesman from Lexing-  
Waco, Texas, writes  
of a visit recently  
Big Foot" Wallace,  
an fighter, who left  
Texas long years  
e exploits as a fighter  
Mexico have be-  
d. The letter relates  
at Big Foot P. O.  
His hair is white and  
pained from the ef-  
stroke, otherwise he  
e a man of seventy.  
He talked with much  
f Knockbridge, of all  
of his old friends,  
e and Hanchawent,  
e and of others, and  
permeant on the front-  
gonous days. He is  
e Waco, and held in  
eternum.—Rockledge

## Attempted Robbery.

A very sensational occurrence took place at the residence of Mr. William H. Dilley, at Dilley's Mill on Monday night of last week. Mr. Dilley's house is isolated, there being no near neighbors. It is known as the chief stopping place for travelers between Dumfries and Hatterville. About sunset of that night a well dressed tramp came to the house by a path which he could only have discovered by making a detour from the public road. He asked to stop for the night, stating that he had no money to pay for his lodging. He was taken in to be given a night's lodging.

About eighteen months ago Mr. Dilley's father's house, in this neighborhood, was ransacked and robbed, and since then it has been his custom to lock and bolt his doors at dusk. That night everything was locked and made secure as usual. The stranger, who had given no name, was evidently acting a part and endeavoring to appear a wild and unreasoning crank, but his part was not well summed and his listeners could but suspect that he was not as foolish as he would make it appear.

About 8 o'clock the stealthy footsteps of a group of men were heard on the porch, and instantly the door was tried. The rattling continued for some minutes until Mr. Dilley and stood armed before it with a Winchester rifle and pistol. Ligon Marshall stood watch over the tramp stranger.

Just as Mr. Dilley was about to fire through the door, and the party in the house had remained as silent as those trying to force an entrance, the stranger uttered a loud, weird cry that curdled the blood of the inmates of the house, and which was unmistakably a signal of danger to the attacking party. Those outside retreated instantly. Then the stranger begged to be allowed to go, but he was refused the privilege, Mr. Dilley accusing him of being in league with the house-breakers. Directly Mr. Dilley opened the door pistol in hand, and the tramp slipped by him and ran.

Mr. Dilley followed but lost his trail, and on going to his brother's Amos Dilley, to warn him to look well to his horses, found him there. The distance between the houses is about two miles.

This was undoubtedly an attempt to rob the proprietor of that lonely house at Dilley's Mill, and fits in with the plan pursued in all the robberies which have occurred so frequently in the last four years. The thieves come in the evening between supper-time and bed-time, hold up the inmates of the house and go through it systematically. The only thing which foiled them in this attempt was the precaution that the owner of this house had taken according to his invariable practice of locking his doors at dusk, and opening them only when the voice of him who is seeking admittance is recognized.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.  
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.  
When she became a Man, she clung to Castoria.  
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

## Concord State Normal School.

Spring term begins February 18th, 1895.

Summer term begins April 24th, 1895.

Tuition free to West Virginia students.

Boarding, washing, and lodging, \$2.25 to \$2.50 per week.

For catalogue and other information apply to

J. D. SWEENEY, Principal,  
CONCORD CHURCH,  
W. VA.

## Public Sale.

I will sell at public auction, on Tuesday, April 10th, 1895, the following property, to wit:

1 head of horses,  
4 head of milk cows,  
4 two-year olds,  
1 one year old,  
4 head of hogs  
house goods.

Household and kitchen furniture, farming implements, carpenter tools, etc. Terms made known on day of sale. FRANK A. BUCKLAND, Auctioneer.

## THE NEW COURT-HOUSE AND JAIL.

## Pocahontas' New House of Justice, and Her Magnificent Mansion for the Criminal.

## A DESCRIPTIVE PEN PICTURE.



BY THE ARCHITECTURAL EDITOR.

The wonderful development and growth in values of Pocahontas County in the half decade just passed, may be readily illustrated by relative comparison, and the rapid strides of improvement are shown by examination of her new court-house and jail recently completed.

Briefly, the court-house is a well-designed piece of architecture of the most modern design. The building proper is sixty-six feet by seventy-two feet. Consisting of three floors. The basement consists of six rooms and two large halls. In this basement are four large heaters or furnaces, which heat the entire building throughout, and will say just here they have been well tested.

The basement has four furnace rooms, one sanitary room, one storage room, one fresh air room, and one foul air room. This basement story is built of stone, and finished with hard finish on all walls. The floors are all grouted and finished with a smooth Portland cement. One exit from this basement is up a flight of stairs made of native Pocahontas oak. Here we land in the side or cross hall of the first story floor. We find this hall to be fourteen feet wide and thirty-two feet long, with a fourteen foot wall to ceiling. We then enter the main hall, which is ten by seventy-two feet. From this main hall we gain entrance to all the county offices. First the County Clerk's office which is sixteen by thirty feet. Leading from this room we enter a large fire-proof vault, nine by fourteen feet, with walls of brick twenty-two inches thick. The floors and ceilings are made of concrete, and supported by large steel beams, with arches of brick, and finished with Portland cement. The openings are secured with Manly Mfg's. best fire proof steel shutters of the very latest design; the door opening is closed on the inside by a pair of double steel doors, with an outside door of heavy steel with a combination lock. We find the vaults absolutely fire-proof in every respect.

From this hall we again enter a room. This room will be occupied by the County Court. We find this room well lighted with fine ventilation. The exit from this room is through a pair of double doors leading into the main hall. We then pass into the two elegant rooms of the Prosecuting Attorney, which are lighted by the large windows four by eight feet. In this room there is an artistic "bonized" mantel of the Queen Elizabeth design. The windows are hung with Gardner's Sash Ribbon, as are all the windows throughout the building.

Now we pass into the office of the Sheriff, which is a beauty with its oak and oil finish of glass.

The next room is that of the County Clerk, which is a fine simile of the County Clerk's office, with a vault of the same construction. Then we enter the tower room. This room will be occupied by the County Surveyor.

All the doors on this floor are, as are all the doors throughout the building, two inches thick, three feet three inches wide, and eight feet six inches high, with a transom over each door thirty-nine by forty-six inches. The entire building is wainscotted with oak four feet high with eleven inch molded base, finished with a double braded cup of a tasty design. All the hardware in this building is of the best patents and patterns of solid bronze.

The main stairway leading from this floor lands on the ell-shaped hall on the court-room floor. From this hall we enter the main court room, fifty by fifty with ceiling eighteen feet high. This room is well lighted with nine large windows, and has four exits. This room is heated from the furnaces in the basement story. The doors and windows throughout this building are furnished with six-inch reeded arcestrans with plinth block and turned common rosettes of a neat design. The bar is separated from the main court-hall by a substantial railing, with turned balusters, with a freeswinging gate. In the bar enclosure there is an elevated platform for the jury, surrounded by a neat railing. To the left of this we find the seat of justice, which is a masterpiece of workmanship.

On leaving the main court-room we enter the hall, from this we enter two elegant rooms which are the two Petit Jury rooms; the third room is the Grand Jury room; the fourth, the Judge's room; fifth, witness room; sixth, lawyers consulting room.

The roof of this structure is self-supporting with three How Trusses and one Queen Truss. This roof is first sheathed with dressed dry pine, then covered with tarred sun proof paper, and then slated with the best slate that can be secured.

The main tower is eighteen by eighteen and one hundred and four feet high. On the right of this tower can be seen a cluster of minor towers which present a nice construction. On the rear, right, and left sides are two tasty dormer windows. Also the lofty gables, which add greatly to the roof's appearance.

The cut above presents the building from its narrowest dimensions. The jail is directly behind the court-house, which is to be regretted, as it is too tasteful a building to be hid. The cut is a good representation of the front of the building, but does not allow one to judge very well of its size.

This article will be continued next week when a full account of the new jail will be given.

The president has appointed ex-Congressman William M. Springer, of Illinois, Judge of the United States court of the Northern district of the Indian Territory, and ex-Congressman C. B. Kilgore, of Texas, judge of the United States court of the Southern district of Indian Territory.

Dentistry: Dr. J. H. Weymouth will be at Valley Head March 15th, and remain 3 days. Mingo, 19th, 4 days. Edray, 25th, 5 days. Marlinton, April 1st, 4 days. Buckeye (Clark Kellisons), 5th, 4 days. Mill Point, 10th, 4 days. And will be prepared to attend to all operations in dentistry.

## Notice to Taxpayers.

All parties whose tax remains unpaid, must make preparations to settle on my next call or give me property to satisfy same.

Respectfully,

R. K. BURNS,

Deputy-Sheriff.

The same as to me,

J. C. ARBOGAST, S. P. C.

## Important to You.

Having resumed the practice of veterinary surgery (limited) I will treat the following diseases in Pocahontas and adjoining counties, viz: ring-bone bone-spavin curb pollevil, fistula, and heaves. Terms, specific and cures guaranteed. I am also general agent for Eldred's Liquid Electricity, which is a specific for all kinds of fevers, sore-throat, cuts, sprains, bruises, bowel troubles, and pains of every description, external or internal. Its timely use will prevent all kinds of contagious diseases.

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It will last a lifetime. One horse power sufficient. Grinds any grain, either just merely cracking it, or fine enough to make family meal. Every big farmer is buying one. References, R. W. Hill, C. E. Beard, Lee Beard, G. W. Callison, Frank Hill, Geo. W. Whiting, Wm. Callison, and J. H. McNeel, Academy. Am making a canvass of the county and will call on you in a short time. Price in reach of all. Agency for Pocahontas and Greenbrier counties. Eight sold in one day. For particulars, write to

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Located near Court House.

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Good accommodations for horses at 25 cents per feed.

Special rates made by the week or month.

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-HOUSE-

The only store in the county making Groceries a Specialty.

Come to us for what you want to eat, and lay in your season's supplies.

All our stock is fresh and good and you will price goods to your own advantage.

Our Five and Ten cent counters are great attractions.

Remember that we mean to give the public the means of buying everything in the grocery line. Orders from a distance given special attention.

All country produce taken.

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All work guaranteed as to workmanship, fit and leather. Mending neatly done. Give me a call.

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Isell Coal, Mineral and Timber Lands. Farms and Town Lots a specialty. 21 years in the business. Correspondence solicited. Reference furnished.

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## M. F. GIESEY,

## Architect and Superintendent,

Room 10, Kelly Block,

Wheeling, W. Va.

## FOR RENT!

My store-house at Edray lately occupied by P. Golden.

J. R. PAGE, Edray, W. Va.

Go to Golden's for good goods.



The average human life has increased five per cent. in the past twenty-five years.

About two per cent., or one penny in fifty, which reaches the United States Sub-Treasurer is thrown out as a bad coin, being either damaged or counterfeit.

Think of the money lying idle in Europe when the Russian loan of \$75,000,000 was subscribed for forty times over, in twelve hours, exclaims the St. Louis Star-Sayings.

The Queen of Sweden, who has always taken an interest in Swedish hospitals and the nursing of the sick, had the first experiments made in Sweden with the new cure for diphtheria.

Russia is advancing rapidly in military civilization. For an instance, the St. Louis Star-Sayings relates, that the lance shafts of her Cossacks are now fitted to be used as punt poles or as the handles of scythes with which to cut hay on the march.

From returns received at the British War Office it is estimated that the number of noncommissioned officers and men entitled to the Queen's medal for long and meritorious service, running from twenty to thirty-four years in many cases, is over 30,000.

The New York Advertiser is reminded that General Washington was the victim of merciless political attacks when he was President. General Gates once alluded to him as that "dark, designing, sordid, ambitious, vain, proud, arrogant and vindictive knave." Political denunciation seems to have grown decidedly tame in those later years.

The surrender by the Mosquito Indians of their rights under the treaty of Managua leaves Nicaragua in complete sovereignty over the Mosquito reserve, and puts an end to Great Britain's pretensions to the right of protectorate over the reservation. The New York Mail and Express states that no fear remains of British interference with the Nicaragua Canal Company's right of transit across the isthmus.

Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Hamlin has issued an order to Collector Kilbreth, of New York, directing that, until further notice, the inspection of luggage brought by passengers on transatlantic vessels shall not be stopped at sunset, as was done upon the recent arrivals of the Teutonic and Westernland. Hereafter, if the inspection has been begun before sunset, all the luggage must be passed without interruption, thus saving passengers unnecessary inconvenience.

An ostrich farmer in Southern California says in the New York Sun that the ostrich farming experiment is not an entire success, although not a complete failure. He was one of the first to engage in the business of raising the big birds for their feathers, and expected to realize a big fortune quickly. He says that, while much money has been derived from the sale of feathers, the birds do not increase as rapidly as was expected. Then, very many are so vicious that it is impossible to remove the feathers without killing them. He still hopes that, as the farmers gain more experience in the management of the ostriches, the business may become as big a success as was at first expected.

A damage suit, in which the jury found for the plaintiff, has been closed in the St. Louis County Court, at Clayton, Mo., which, it is believed, has no precedent in the courts of the United States or England. The case was one, relates the Atlantic Constitution, in which a father claimed and got a verdict for \$5000 for the death of his son, who was killed by a railroad train. It was proved that the boy was standing alongside the track when the train rushed by at a high rate of speed and that he was hurled to the ground and forced under the cars by the current of air made by the swift motion of the train. Deep interest has been manifested in the peculiar and new feature in the case, the outcome of which in the higher courts is likely to open up a new field of action for damages against railroads.

## THE RIDDLE OF WRECK.

Dark bonnets, seventy and seven,  
High on the hill-side sigh in dream,  
With glossy heads in heaven;  
They silver the sunbeam.  
One broken body of a tree,  
Stabbed through and slashed by lightning  
knees,  
Crowned and grim to see,  
Hangs o'er the bushy ravine.  
A hundred nests, a hundred more,  
Crowd close against the sunset fires  
Their late adventure o'er,  
They mingle with the spires.  
But one is lying prone, alone,  
Where gleaming gulls to seaward sweep,  
White sand of burial blown  
In sheets about its sleep.  
When lightning's leashed and sea is still,  
Ye sacrificial mysteries dread,  
Seapenguins of shore and bill,  
Your riddle may be read.  
—Helen Gray Cone, in the Century.

## LOVE IN A SNOWSTORM

BY M. BABINGTON BAYLEY.



HE was a little Puritan maiden, with honest gray eyes and a sweet, bashful face. Her parents called her Dorothy; her friends, Dolly. She had been brought up very strictly, and it was not without misgivings that her family allowed her to visit her rich uncle and aunt in London, but they could not well refuse the invitation.

Dolly had been in London only one short week, and she was bewitched with everything she saw. She loved her uncle and aunt, both of whom displayed strong affections for her, and indulged her in a freedom she had never tasted before. She was delighted with the substantial old house, with its large rooms, big fireplaces and comfortable furniture. More than all, she admired London itself. The busy streets, with their palatial shops; the colossal buildings—St. Paul's, the Abbey, the Houses of Parliament, the broad, quiet squares, which seemed to have been dropped down at random among the wilderness of houses; the gay restaurants and the brilliant, fascinating theatres. She particularly liked it at night, when illuminated by countless lights, whose reflections glittered on the pavement; and when the black darkness of the sky, unaccompanied by the deathly silence that it brought in the country, seemed rather to enhance the noise and bustle of the prodigious streets. There was something romantic about it all. It thrilled her, she knew not why. Her heart beat faster, her pulse bounded more quickly. She felt more alive than she had ever felt before.

There was another source of pleasure. Never before had she been thrown into the company of so engaging a young gentleman as her cousin Tom, the only child of her uncle and aunt. He was Dolly's senior by some half dozen years. Had Dolly's parents suspected what manner of young man he was, they would have made a special journey to London to bring their daughter home. Fortunately, they were ignorant. There was nothing really bad about the lad. He had a very good heart, but he wanted steadyding a little. He was exactly the sort of dashing, reckless, free-handed young Englishman that a handsome, manly fellow becomes when placed in circumstances of wealth and freedom. The first time he saw his cousin Dolly he decided that she was a very pretty girl, but shy, and that it would be worth while to draw her out.

He found it not easy; and that, notwithstanding the fact, had he known it, that there was in Dolly's heart an intense willingness to be drawn out by cousin Tom. But that shyness of hers was a fashionable barrier. She could not chatter; the thing was impossible. Her silence had been inbred so long that it had become part of her anatomical structure; and Tom, in spite of all his conversational talents and social polish, frequently found himself reduced by it to a corresponding state. On the other hand, if Dolly could not speak, she could look. She had extremely eloquent eyes; eyes that spoke far more than her lips. Tom soon began to watch those eyes and to love them. He no longer attempted to make his cousin talk; her eyes rendered conversation unnecessary.

One afternoon, in the first week of January, he sauntered into his mother's sitting room, and there discovered Dolly, sitting, like the historic Miss Muffet, on a cushion in front of the fire. Her fingers were busy with some crochet work. Tom drew a chair to the fire.

"Are you going out to-night, Dolly?"

"No, to-night."

"Not. Are you sorry?"

"No."

"I suppose you're getting rather tired of it. You've been out pretty nearly every night lately, haven't you?"

"Yes. I'm not tired of it, though; I like it. But auntie and I are going to have a quiet evening to-night, and I shall like that just as well."

There was a pause.

"Are you sure you will like it just as well?"

"I beg your pardon?" said Dolly. He moved on his chair. "Well," he said, "I want you to come out with me to-night, if you will."

She looked at him in amazement. "Out with you? Why, where to?"

"The theatre," he responded.

Pleasure shone in her face. She gasped with delight. "Oh, you are kind! But do you think auntie will allow me?"

"I'll ask her," said naughty Tom. It was really very wrong of him, for Dolly's parents would have been scandalized at the idea of their daughter being seen in a theatre. However, they were not there to see it. It never occurred to Dolly that it could be wrong for her to go after Tom had proposed it, and so, as Tom's parents raised no objections, they started in due course. The only condition imposed on them (and the sequel proved it a sound one) was to wrap up well, which they did.

How Dolly enjoyed the performance it is unnecessary to relate in detail. She did enjoy it immensely; and she frequently turned to Tom and thanked him so earnestly for his kindness in having brought her that Tom began to feel the ecstasy that follows virtuous conduct. Her enjoyment robbed her, for the first time, of her shyness. Her face glowed with an unusual animation. There was a color in her cheeks and a sparkle in her eyes that had not been there before. When a shy maiden does wake up to animation she is ten times more dangerously attractive than her vivacious sisters, who sparkle all day long. Tom thought his cousin's face more seductively sweet than he had imagined it could be. He warmed toward her. He no longer wanted to draw her out, to flirt with her. He was in love now, all the way.

They made no haste out of the theatre, with the result that, when they reached the street, there was not an available hansom.

"We'd better walk on a bit," said Tom. "We shall come to one presently."

There had been a heavy fall of snow during the performance, and the pavement of the Strand was all slushy and sloppy.

"It's rather unpleasant under foot," Dolly said. "You'd better take my arm."

She did as she was bid, and immediately experienced a curious sense of being owned. It seemed to her that she belonged to her cousin. While, as for Tom, the soft touch of those small, gloved fingers on his coat sleeve gave him more pleasure than all his previous flirtations rolled into one.

When they came to Trafalgar Square Dolly gave a little scream of delight.

"Oh," she cried, "how pretty!" It was pretty. The whole square—fountains, statues, and all, wherever the snow could find a lodging—lay draped in white. The portions that were free from snow looked doubly black by contrast. It was a study in white, with just a little black to help it out. Overhead fleecy clouds sounded rapidly, and a full, bright moon stared down at the glittering panorama. The square was as light as day.

"Oh, how beautiful! I didn't think London could look so lovely!"

Tom looked at the speaker, and thought her lovelier than the scene she admired.

"Yes," he said, with his eyes on her face, "it is beautiful, very beautiful indeed."

"Oh," said Dolly, "let us walk home. We don't want to take a cab on a lovely night like this. I wouldn't miss the walk for the world. It isn't far, really, is it?"

"About a mile," said Tom.

"Only a mile. Oh, that is nothing. Let us walk. Shall we?"

"Decidedly, if you wish it. You'd better take my arm again," for in her rapturous admiration she had slipped her hand loose, "the streets are slippery."

They walked on for three or four minutes. Suddenly Dolly's foot slipped. Tom, with remarkable presence of mind, prevented her from falling by putting his arm round her waist. That was a new experience for Dolly. It had never happened before, and she was overcome by the strangeness of it. She didn't say anything, but she blushed, and her face looked exquisitely pretty. I don't think Tom was to be blamed very much for bending down and kissing it. He should not have done it, of course; it was wrong; but the temptation was considerable. Dolly released herself indignantly, pushing him from her. They walked a short distance in awkward silence.

"Dolly, are you angry with me?"

No reply.

"Dolly—very humbly—I'm awfully sorry; but you looked so pretty that I couldn't help it."

Still a severe silence.

"Won't you forgive me, Dolly?"

The gray eyes were fixed on the ground, and the pretty lips were pressed firmly together. He caught her fingers. She tried to pull them away, but it was useless.

"Won't you forgive me, Dolly?" he said again.

She found her voice at length.

"I wish you wouldn't make me say things. Of course, I forgive you, but you oughtn't to have done it."

"I am really very sorry, Dolly," he said, repentantly.

Then the snow came down.

There was no mistake about it, either; it did come down, with a vengeance. The flakes were nearly as large as a man's hand, and the sky was full of them.

"Dolly," said Tom, firmly, "you must take my arm and hold it tightly. We are going to catch it."

She took his arm, and he hurried her along as fast as he could. It was no use. The snow pelted their faces so severely that in less than two minutes they were nearly numbed with the cold.

"We must shelter somewhere till the violence of the storm is spent," said Tom. He looked about him for a convenient doorway. Fortunately, there was one near. He placed Dolly inside it, so that the snow could not get to her, and stationed himself at her side.

"Are you cold, Dolly?" he said.

"Not very, thank you," she replied.

"Are you?"

"Oh! it doesn't matter about me, dear. You are the important member of this small community. Are you sure you are not cold? Will you have my muffler?"

He commenced to take it off.

"No, indeed!" exclaimed Dolly, preventing him. "Do you think I would take it from you? But it was kind of you to offer it—very kind! You are kind to me."

"Kind!" said Tom, warmly. "Who could help being kind?"

He pressed more closely to her. Outside the snow was descending heavily.

"Dolly," said Tom, speaking low, "have you quite forgiven me?"

She smiled, but did not say anything. His arm stole round her again. She made no effort to repulse it. He looked at her face. The cold had turned it a dead white, but it was beginning to glow again, and he thought it had never looked prettier.

"Dolly," he whispered, "I love you."

Her heart bounded. He loved her! Oh! the blissful thought!

"Dolly," he whispered again, "could you care for me ever so little?"

"Yes," she murmured.

Their eyes, and then their lips, met. After that I don't think either of them minded the cold much.

They were prisoned in that sanctified doorway an hour before the snow abated, and then it took them another twenty minutes to get home. They were received with rejoicings.

"We thought you had got lost," said the master of the house.

Dolly ran straight into her aunt's arms, and burst into a fit of sobbing.

"My poor child!" said the lady, caressing her, "you are overwrought; and no wonder. Tom, you haven't taken proper care of her."

"Oh! but he has," said Dolly, smiling through her tears. "It isn't that."

"She has promised to be my wife!" said Tom.

The rest isn't worth telling.

## A Useful Python.

Once, while passing through a Dutch farm, writes the author of "Three Years With Lo Bengula," in Africa, I went up to the house to buy some eggs; standing in front of the door was a large barrel, and while passing I carelessly tilted it up to see what was inside, but promptly let it down again, as there was a big python underneath. The Dutchman told me he had shot at the snake some months previously, and a few grains entering the head, the reptile appeared to become stupefied and unable to move quickly. He then dragged it home, and extracted the fangs, and it gradually became tame. The python, which measured sixteen feet, was allowed to crawl about the place at night, never attempting to get away or do any damage; in fact, they found it useful for killing rats and vermin. By day it was kept under the barrel. The children fed the snake, and played with it. I saw one of the little Dutch boys drag it out, and pour two bottles of milk down its throat, and then give it six eggs, which it swallowed. When they teased the python, it made a hissing noise and reared up on its tail; they were not a bit frightened, and would catch hold of it by the head, and drag it along the ground over their shoulders.

## An Eye to Business.

A proposal having been made in London that boxes should be erected in public thoroughfares for the reception of orange-peel and matches, recalls the story told of a young gentleman of excellent principles walking with an eminent surgeon. As they neared his house, the lad kicked away a piece of orange-peel that lay on the pavement into the road. The surgeon said, "My dear boy, what are you about?" and replaced it exactly opposite his own door.—Argonaut.

The slashes or openings in an outer garment to show the one beneath were formerly called panes.

## HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

### TO DESTROY ANTS.

They may be kept from climbing by tying wool round the stems and stakes and putting pine tar on them. Trace to their haunts and pour boiling water on them. To drive from their haunts, dig the dirt and mix with gas lime. To kill them, pour over their nests at night a strong decoction of elder leaves or turn a flower-pot over with the hole stopped; the ants will build up into it and thousands may be destroyed.

### ON CAKE BAKING.

For baking most kinds of cake the oven should be rather slow. If it be too hot when sponge cake is baking the cake will sometimes rise very high and fall again. In any case, it will be coarse grained and tough. A good test for sponge cake is to put a piece of white paper into the oven, close the door and open it in five minutes. If the paper be a rich yellow the oven is right, but if it be light yellow the oven is too cool, or if a dark brown it is too hot.

### THE KITCHEN TOWELS.

Housewives are sometimes debarred from the use of crash for kitchen towels by its cost, as well as by the fact that it needs to be partly worn before it makes really good towels. Now that fashion sanctions the use of this very serviceable material for toilet articles as well as aprons, it may be economically used in that way first, and then descend to the more utilitarian household uses. For instance, your delicately checked linen crash apron, when worn soft, will make the best possible glass or dish towel, and your toilet cover and pin-cushion cover even, after having served their apprenticeship in your room, may be turned into roller towels and dish-cloths. Crash is very easily hem-stitched, and with this ornamentation and the state of immaculate cleanliness in which it is so easily kept, it makes the most desirable of bureau and table covers.

### HOW TO BOIL A PUDDING.

The most difficult way of cooking a plum pudding is boiling it in a cloth; a novice will be likely to spoil it unless the following directions are observed in every particular: To boil a plum pudding successfully have a large pot half full of actually boiling water, with a plate in the bottom to keep the cloth from burning or sticking to the pot, and a teakettleful of boiling water to fill up the pot as the water boils away; there must always be enough water to float the pudding, and it must boil without ceasing, "jumping" in the pot.

The cloth must be of linen toweling, about a yard square, scalded by dipping in boiling water and then thickly dusted with sifted flour; and after the pudding has boiled steadily for at least six hours it should be unrolled, laid upon a suitable dish and set in the oven to dry off while the sauce is being made. Allowance must be made for the swelling of an ordinarily rich pudding, the cloth being made about three-quarters full.

### RECIPES.

Broiled Chicken on Toast—Clean and carefully singe and split down back, season with salt, and broil over quick fire, turning frequently. When cooked put bits of butter over meat and place on pieces of toast with cress and small bits of lemon.

Peppermint Creams—Take two cupfuls of sugar, two-thirds of a cupful of boiling water, one teaspoonful of glucose and two pinches of cream of tartar. Boil until it threads, cool slightly and heat until it begins to thicken. Then flavor with peppermint according to taste and drop on tins.

Everton Taffy—Boil one pound of best brown sugar in half a pint of water; when thick drop a few drops in a cup of cold water, and if the drops retain their shape and become brittle, add two ounces of butter and boil a few moments until it will harden again. Flavor with lemon.

Squash Pie—Peel the squash and cut it in small pieces. Cook until done, using very little water. Mash it fine and to two cupfuls of squash, add one cupful of sweet milk, one cupful of sugar, the yolks of four eggs, well beaten, a pinch of salt, one-half teaspoonful of ginger. Mix all the ingredients thoroughly, line a pan with paste and fill it. Bake until done. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, add one-half cupful of sugar, spread it over the pies and leave them in the oven until the meringue is a rich brown.

Baked Macaroni (with cheese)—Break one-half package macaroni into inch pieces, cover with boiling water slightly salted and stew gently twenty minutes. Drain well, and put a layer in the bottom of a buttered pudding-dish; upon this grate some mild rich cheese, a sprinkling of salt and bits of butter. Spread on this more macaroni, and proceed as before until all the macaroni is used, having the macaroni on top well buttered, but without the cheese. Cover with a scant pint of rich milk salted, and bake, covered, half an hour in a hot oven. Remove cover, brown and serve.



## A SUGAR MILL.

OLD AND NEW PROCESSES IN LOUISIANA.

Grinding the Cane in the Roller Mill—Rolling the Extracted Juice—The Modern Way of Making Sugar.

If a Michigan chemist realizes his expectations, says the Chicago Record, the new mill in the North will become active competitors of the Louisiana sugar plantations. This enterprising scientist declares that he can make crystallized sugar out of sawdust, and in support of the claim he exhibits a substance which looks, smells and tastes like glucose. He says that he first converts the sawdust into starch and then turns the starch into sugar, which, he declares, crystallizes into as pretty granulated sugar as was ever turned out of a sugar trust refinery. But his most astonishing claim is that when he has perfected his process he will have no use for a tariff or bounty, for he will make sugar cheaper than Cuba, China, Germany or any other country can possibly produce it.

While he has been working on his sawmill sugar the beet-sugar makers of Nebraska and California have been endeavoring to cheapen their processes, and the farmers have been learning how to develop and improve the sugar beet so as to secure not only larger

cane knife slashes the field his mill runs day and night and everything counts. When the top has been cut off the knife is buried in the stalk as near the ground as possible, and the cane is tossed to one side, where it waits for the wagon gang to haul it away to the cane shed.

The field hands begin work at 5 or 5.30 o'clock in the morning, and cut enough cane during the day to keep the mill supplied while they are cutting, and at the same time to pile up enough cane in the cane shed to feed the mill all night. The cane is first weighed while on the wagon on platform scales, and it is then dumped in

and floats in a perpendicular position. The more sugar there is in the liquid the higher above the level of the liquid the tube will rise. The tube is divided into degrees so that the sugar maker by simply placing the saccharometer in the juice can tell when it has reached the proper density or thickness. The juice is constantly skimmed of the impurities which rise to the top in the form of foam, and this foam is frequently made into rum. The juice becomes a sirup in the second kettle, and as it grows thicker and thicker it is transferred from one kettle to the other, the workmen dipping it out in long handled buckets. The last kettle



BOILING THE CANE JUICE.

the cane shed, which is an open, heavily built wing of the sugar house. The cane which is to be ground at once is dumped near a traveling platform or conveyor, which carries the cane to the roller mill, where it is crushed. The cane shed is usually in possession of the colored women, who take up the cane by the armful and spread it on the moving slats of the conveyor, which is inclined at an angle of about thirty degrees so that the cane is brought directly over the sugar mill. The cane is not dumped on the carrier without regard to an even distribution, but is placed on so that it is fed between the rollers in an even thickness. If too much cane were placed on one side and too little on the other the expensive, all-important rollers might be broken because of the uneven pressure.

The wagons follow each other rapidly, and while one gang of women is attending to the carrier another gang is cording up the surplus cane for the night shift.

The roller mill is a ponderous piece of machinery, massive in all of its parts, for sugarcane has a tough, hard skin and cannot be crushed by tender methods. Two mills, one of three and the other of two rollers, constitute the five-roller system, and nine rollers are used in some mills. The cane, carried to the first mill on the conveyor, first passes between three rollers, two of them over one. As soon as the sugarcane is crushed or ground by this mill it becomes "bagasse," and, by another horizontal conveyor, is taken to the mill which has two rollers, one over the other, where it is squeezed again. The "bagasse" is now almost dry and is carried to the boiler-room, where it is used as fuel under the boilers. It is also used as a fertilizer.

When the cane and bagasse are crushed the juice runs down, a greenish, sticky liquid, through a strainer to a well or vat, from which it is pumped to the clarifiers. Here milk of lime is stirred in and heat is applied. The lime neutralizes the acids in the juice, for the moment the cane is cut a chemical change begins in the juice, part of it fermenting and becoming acid. The thick scum which rises when the lime is stirred into the juice is removed and the clarified juice is drawn off into the first kettle, where the old method of making sugar is

called the "strike pan," and here the sirup is cooked until the man attending it, by pinching some of the thick, clear sirup between his thumb and finger, can draw the sirup out in a candied string, which is exactly the test that is used at a candy pulling party. When the grain is felt and the saccharometer shows that the proper density has been reached the heavy sirup is bailed out into cooling vats made of wood. As the sirup cools the sugar crystallizes, but it is mixed with the molasses which will not crystallize, so it is scooped out of the cooling vat into large hogheads made of cypress wood, which have a large number of holes bored in the bottom. Pieces of sugarcane plug these holes loosely, allowing the molasses to drip down into the molasses tank. The sugar made in this way is not pure white and it is soft grained, but it is taken to the refinery, where it is granulated.

This is the old method, rapidly passing out of use, for, compared to the modern way of making sugar, it is expensive and wasteful. Its one redeeming feature is its picturesque quality. But the hard-headed, cold-blooded, unsympathetic Northern men who have gone to Louisiana and built extensive sugar mills, with all that is progressive, scientific and modern, with their chemists and polariscopes, delicate saccharometers and other instruments, electric lights and tiny locomotives for hauling cane, Corlied valves engines and huge pumps, regard picturesque quality as so much lost motion and therefore a waste. They have arranged their machinery so that the sequence of manufacture is un-



THE CARRIER.

broken, and the juice and sirup go from the mills to the clarifiers and on to the finished product untouched by hand.

Steam coils take the place of open fires, deep rectangular pans have been substituted for the kettles and rapidly revolving centrifugal machines do in a minute what the hoghead strainers did in a week. After the juice has been treated with lime and sulphur it is pumped into the first clarifier, which has a steam coil in the bottom. From one to the other of four clarifiers the sirup goes, skimmed constantly all the time, for when it is pumped into the vacuum pan no skimmer can get at it. Saccharometer tests are made at every pan, and when the proper density has been secured in the last clarifier the sirup is pumped into a settling tank, and from there it goes to the vacuum pan.

The vacuum pan is described by its name. It is an enclosed spherical vessel with copper steam coils in the bottom, and can be made air-tight. An air-pump and condenser remove the air, thus making a vacuum. Sight-holes are provided and a lamp throws its light through thick glass upon the sirup so that the concentration can be watched closely. In a vacuum liquid boils at a much lower temperature than 212 degrees, the boiling point in open air, and as there is no atmospheric weight on the liquid the heat causes the liquid to boil furiously, with great jets shooting above the turbulent surface, as though a tremendous agitation were going on, yet the heat is nearly 100 degrees below boiling point. By using the vacuum pan the sugar maker avoids burning any sugar in the sirup and thus keeps his sirup from becoming brown. In

this curious enclosed airless kettle the sirup is boiled down under a slight heat until crystallization is effected, and then the valve at the bottom is opened and the whole charge is dumped into the mixer directly beneath the vacuum pan.

The mixer is a troughlike arrangement in which an agitator revolves—a long shaft with steel arms, which in revolving mixes the sugar, so that the crystallization progresses uniformly. When the grain is of the right size the mushy sugar mixed with its molasses is shoveled into the centrifugal machine. This is a kettle-shaped vessel which revolves 1200 times a minute. Its sides are perforated so that molasses in the sugar caught up by the centrifugal force flies through the perforations, leaving the sugar dry and snow white. The sugar is then dumped to the granulator and placed in barrels.

This sugar, although of higher grade than the sugar made by the open kettle process, is not as large grained nor as glazed as the sugar made in the refineries. Here the crude sugar is made into sirup, again strained through bone black filters, bleached, reclarified, put through vacuum pans, granulators and centrifugals, until the grain is large and the crystals well formed and glazed. The refining is a process apart from the sugar plantation and sugar house, and requires machinery which is too expensive and occupies too much space for the sugar planter.

The process of extracting sugar and sorghum sirup from the "early amber" cane of the Northern and Western States is almost identical with the Louisiana method, but the diffusion process used by beet sugar makers is altogether different.

Richard W. Thompson.

Richard W. Thompson, Secretary of the Navy under President Hayes, is still alive at the age of eighty-five. He has personally met every President of



R. W. THOMPSON.

the United States, except two. He recently published a book of recollections that has attracted considerable attention.

### Process of Death by Electricity.

According to Professor J. Kratzer, of Graz, who has for some time been performing experiments on the effects of electrical shocks on animal life, death is most usually caused by sudden cessation of respiration and consequent asphyxiation. During the asphyxiation the heart continues in action. If the asphyxia lasts more than a certain time, about two minutes, the heart stops, this being a secondary phenomenon. Generally speaking, the animals used, cats, dogs, rabbits and mice, were not easily killed by 1600-2000 volts alternating. The danger appears to lie in the nervous system, and to decrease with the amount of brain development. Frequently death occurs by momentary stoppage of the movement of the heart, but a slow cessation of the heart's action, such as has been observed in cases of human death, was never observed. In no case was any anatomical alteration observable to which death might be attributed, but there are sometimes lesions, breaking of blood vessels, and the diagnosis is rendered certain by the peculiar burning at the position of contact, and by the escape of blood from the capillaries, which indicates the path taken by the current.—Philadelphia Record.

### The Evolution of Grandma's Arm Chair.



—Judge.

## THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Liked Them Well Grown—Onto Jack—Saved Again—An All-Sufficient Reason, Etc., Etc.

The Mamma—"At what age do you consider children most interesting?" The Bachelor Friend—"Any time after thirty."—Judge.

SAVED AGAIN.

Teacher—"Johnny Green, point out Africa on the map."

John—"Please, ma'am, it ain't polite to point."—Truth.

THE PRACTICAL SIDE OF IT.

"You haven't read Brown's last ode, have you?"

"I think I have. It seems to me he last owed me \$18."—Detroit Tribune.

THE BEST TIME.

Nodd—"My baby looks lovely when he is asleep. You ought to see him."

Todd—"When shall I call?"

Nodd—"Anytime during the day."—Life.

PRESENTED THE IMPUTATION.

Caller—"Wonder if I can see your mother, little boy? Is she engaged?"

Little Boy—"Engaged? Whatcha givin' us? She's married."—Boston Transcript.

OF PRACTICAL BENEFIT.

"What has become of Brown? The last time I saw him he had water on the brain."

"He's the head of a reservoir company now."—Judge.

ONTO JACK.

Dolly Swift—"The price-mark on Jack's birthday gift is quite plain—\$17.50."

Sally Gay—"H'm! I wonder what it really cost?"—Puck.

AN ALL-SUFFICIENT REASON.

Fond Parent—"Bobby, why will you always persist in pushing in the eyes of your little sister's dolls?"

Bobby (conclusively)—"Because I can't pick 'em out."—Truth.

THE QUICK AND THE DEAD.

Bob's Widow—"Do you dare to sit there and tell me you consider yourself a better man than poor, dear Bob?"

Her Brother—"Of course I do, for he's dead."—Judge.

A REASON.

Johnny—"I don't see how that young chicken can be so comfortable."

Hired Man—"Why not?"

Johnny—"Why, because it is sitting on its pin-feathers."—Puck.

INCREDIBLE.

Mr. Homeman—"Did you read that article about a football player getting shot the other day?"

Mrs. Homeman—"No, John; but, goodness me, you don't mean to say the game has come to that?"—Boston News.

SHE COUNTERS.

He—"I wonder when you will be able to set as good a table as my mother?"

She—"By the time you are able to provide as good a table as your father does, my dear."—Burlington (Iowa) Gazette.

BASHFUL BACHELOR AND HELPFUL MAID.

Bashful Bachelor, nervous and fidgety, trying to remember a speech he had been rehearsing for an hour previously.

Helpful Maid, anxious and expectant.

B. B.—"My dearest, I—I have long wished to tell you that I am full—I mean my heart is full—my palpitating heart—I—I mean your smiles—dearest, would shed—would shed—"

H. M.—"Perhaps, dear, we could live in a flat at first, and then we should not need a washbasin."

(The all important date was fixed within five minutes.)—Truth.

SHEER FORCE OF HABIT.

"Does the razor hurt you?"

No reply.

"Is the draught too strong?"

No reply.

"Shall I shut the door?"

No reply.

"Awful fire last night!"

No reply.

"Shave you pretty close?"

No reply.

"Getting very chilly now!"

No reply.

"That was a very heavy thunderstorm last night!"

No reply.

"Shampoo?"

No reply.

"Trim your hair up a little?"

No reply.

"Brilliantine on the moustache?"

No reply.

"Bay rum?"

No reply.

Then the barber, who was alone in his shop, sat down greatly refreshed. He had been shaving himself.—Tit-Bits.



A FIELD OF SUGARCANE.

beets and more to the acre, but a greater per cent. of sugar in the beets.

The reason for all this activity and enterprise is found in the fact that Louisiana sugar planters produce only about one-sixth of all the sugar that is consumed in the United States, and as the area of the sugarcane-growing section is limited the sugar producer must look to sugar beets and "early amber" corn to make up the other five-sixths of the sugar. As it is, the beets of Nebraska and California only produced one twenty-fifth as much sugar as was raised in Louisiana last year, or only 1-150th of the total amount consumed in this country in 1893.

In the sugar mills of Louisiana machinery has taken the place of the hands who used to grow sleek and fat during the sugar season, for the old-fashioned open-pan batteries with the fire under the kettles have given way to steam pipes and vacuum pans and pumps, and steam siphons have replaced the hand buckets and dippers which used to transfer the juice and sirup from one kettle to another. On some of the smaller plantations, however, the old order of things prevails, and the sugar house is as picturesque and interesting as it was when slaves whistled and sung at their work, for the sugar-making season then was a feast of sweets and a succession of jollities.

The sugarcane is ready for the harvest in the first days of October. The tall cane, with its "arrow" shooting up to the plume, has been growing and secreting its sweet juice all summer, and when some of it has been



WORK ON A SUGAR PLANTATION.

run through a little handmill and the juice shows about fifteen per cent. of sugar the planter gives the word and the hands sharpen their broad cane knives.

They first strip the cane of its leaves with the dull side of the knife and then the tops are cut off as far down as the experienced cane cutter believes the maturity of the cane will permit. For, while the sugar planter wants every inch of cane which will yield up sugar, he does not want to grind and handle an inch more than is necessary. As soon as the first

used. On some plantations the juice is bleached by fumes of burning sulphur before it is taken to the "battery." This is done in an open box, in which the juice drips through the sulphurous fumes.

The large open kettles, four or five of them, in which the juice is boiled to a sirup and then to sugar, stand in a row close to one another. In the first kettle the juice is boiled to a certain density, which is determined by a glass affair that looks like a large bulb thermometer, called a saccharometer. This is placed in the liquid



# Bargains! Bargains!

ON FEBRUARY 1ST

I WILL BEGIN TO CLOSE OUT MY ENTIRE STOCK OF

WINTER GOODS FOR ACTUAL COST, For Cash.

Come in and get goods in price lower than you have ever seen them. Clothing, Overcoats, Boots, Shoes, Men's Woolen Shirts, Blankets Dress Goods, in fact every thing you need.

THESE GOODS

## Must Be Closed Out

BEFORE MY SPRING STOCK COMES IN.

I MEAN BUSINESS

And will convince you that my prices are lower than you can buy elsewhere in the county.

VERY TRULY YOURS

MARLINTON, W. VA.

S. W. HOLT.

## Looking Backward

MAY BE A PLEASING PASTIME,

But we take more pleasure in "Looking Forward" to the time when the population of this county will all have become convinced that at my establishment is the best place to buy anything in the mercantile line than anywhere else in the county.

Dry Goods, Notions, Boots, Shoes, etc.

YOU MUST EAT

Since it is a self evident fact that you must Eat to Live, or Live to Eat I desire to present to your consideration my complete stock of

GENERAL GROCERIES.

CAREFUL SELECTION. PURE GOODS, REASONABLE PRICES

APPEAL TO YOUR

REASON POCKET HEALTH

(West End of Bridge.)

P. GOLDEN, Marlinton, W. Va.

## In Poor Health

means so much more than you imagine—serious and fatal diseases result from trifling ailments neglected. Don't play with Nature's greatest gift—health.

### Brown's Iron Bitters

It Cures

Dyspepsia, Kidney and Liver Troubles, Constipation, Bad Blood, Malaria, Nervous ailments, Women's complaints.

Get only the genuine—it has crossed red lines on the wrapper. All others are imitations. On receipt of two stamps we will send you a copy of the "B. & O. R. R. Survey" a promising town.

NOTICE! I will offer for sale or rent, my store-house and lot at Lehigh. A first class stand for a store. No opposition. Seven miles from Academy, and ten from Raccoon's Valley. Four miles from Raccoon's, and near the line of the B. & O. R. R. survey. A promising town. Lehigh, W. Va. W. E. HILL.

## FEED, LIVERY AND SALE STABLES.

First-Rate Teams and Saddle-Horses Provided.

Horses for Sale and Hire.

SPECIAL ACCOMMODATIONS FOR STALLIONS.

A limited number of Horses boarded.

All persons having horses to trade are invited to call. Young horses broken to ride or work.

J. H. G. WILSON, Marlinton, W. Va.

## FIRE FIRE

Insure against loss in the Peabody Insurance Co., WHEELING, W. Va.

Incorporated March, 1862 Cash Capital \$100,000.00.

N. C. McNEIL, MARLINTON, W. VA.

## BLACKSMITHING AND Wagon Repairs.

C. Z. HEVNER.

MARLINTON, W. VA. Shops situated at the Junction of Main Street and Dusty Avenue, opposite the postoffice.

FOR RENT! My store-house at Edray lately occupied by P. Golden. J. E. FOSDYCK, Edray, W. Va.

Driftwood.

More snow and mud. Miss Lena McLaughlin has returned to her school, was gladly welcomed by her many friends.

Mr. Gam, of Virginia, is to see his best girl.

Mr. Jacob Townsend is in this part on business.

We were disappointed Saturday, as the river was too deep for Rev. Alexander to cross.

Prof. Adams will commence a singing school at this place soon. We wish him success.

Miss Lizzie Wilfong, was down last week.

Miss Bessie Dykard, is visiting her brother at Travelers' Repose.

Mr. John T. McLaughlin, made a flying trip to Marlinton, last week.

Mr. Andrew Geiger's boat upset with him while crossing the river at Mr. Allen Burners, he swam and reached an island, where he had to remain till a boat could be made before he could get out.

Mr. James Collins passed through this part last week, on his way home from Ronceverte.

Mr. Geo. Sheets has moved to Swago. We will miss him very much.

Miss Illa Sheets is visiting her sister, Mrs. John Geiger.

Mrs. Geo. Tacy is improving. TILDEN.

Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne— Yet the scaffold sways the future, And behind the dim unknown Standeth God within the shadow Watching over all his own.—Sel.

Lightning Hot Drops—

What a Funny Name!

Very True, but it Kills All Pain.

Sold Everywhere. Every Day— Without Relief, There is No Pain!

PATTERSON SIMMONS

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Plasterer and Contractor. Work done on short notice.

J. A. SHARP & CO.

Have Established a Firstclass

Harness and Saddlery Store and Shop,

—AT—

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Something that has been needed in this county for years.

They carry a complete line of HARNESS, SADDLES, COLLARS, HARDWARE, and TRIMMINGS.

Both Factory and Handmade. A Rockbottom Prices.

ALSO,

THE UNDERTAKING DEPARTMENT.

is fitted out with a complete stock of latest and best designs, and coffins can be furnished on short notice.

Successors of G. F. Urmnett, who is employed by the firm.

## E. H. Smith,

PRESCRIPTION

DRUGGIST,

MARLINTON, W. VA.

—DEALER IN—

Drugs, Paints and Oils,

Varnishes, Patent Medicines, etc., etc. etc.

Prescriptions carefully compounded at all hours, day or night. A competent Pharmacist will have charge of the Prescription Department.

We invite everybody and promise close prices and polite attention. At E. A. Smith & Son's Old Stand.

What is

# CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

Dr. G. C. Osgood, Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."

Dr. J. F. Kitchin, Conway, Ark.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

H. A. Archer, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."

UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY, Boston, Mass.

ALLEN C. SMITH, Pres.

The Centaur Company, 71 Murray Street, New York City.

## Waverley Bicycles.

Are the Highest of All High Grades



Wanted Superior to Any Bicycle Built in the World, Regardless of Price, or the Name of the Maker.

Read the following opinion of one of the most prominent American dealers, who has sold hundreds of these wheels:

RICHMOND, VA., Oct. 2, 1894.

Indiana Bicycle Company, Indianapolis, Ind.: GENTLEMEN—The Waverley Scorchers and Belle came to hand yesterday. We are afraid you have sent us the high priced wheel by mistake. You can't mean to tell us this wheel retails for \$85? We must say that it is, without exception, the prettiest wheel we have ever seen, and, moreover, we have faith in it, although it weighs only 22 lbs., for of all Waverleys we have sold this year and last (and you know that is a right good number), we have never had a single frame nor fork broken, either from accident or defect, and that is High Frame, Wood Rim, more than we can say of any other wheel, however Detachable Tire, Scorch-high grade, so called, that we sell. We congratulate ourselves every day that we are the Waverley agents.

Yours truly, WALTER C. MERCER & CO.

Steel Rims, Waverley Clincher, Detachable Tires, weighs 25 lbs \$85

A - GOOD - AGENT - WANTED.

Regular Frame, same weights . . . \$85

In every town a splendid business awaits the right man. Get our Catalogue "J." Free by mail.

Ladies' Drop Frame, same weights and Tires . . \$75

INDIANA BICYCLE CO. INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

26-inch Diamond, Wood Rims, weight 21 lbs . . \$74



## IT TICKLES YOU LIGHTNING HOT DROPS.

CURES Colic, Cramps, Diarrhoea, Flux, Cholera Morbus, Nausea, Changes of Water, etc.

HEALS Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Scratches, Bites of Animals, Serpents, Bugs, etc.

BREAKS UP Bad Colds, La Grippe, Influenza, Croup, Sore Throat, etc.

SMELLS GOOD, TASTES GOOD.

SOLD EVERYWHERE AT 25c AND 50c PER BOTTLE. NO RELIEF, NO PAY.

HERB MEDICINE CO. (Formerly of Weston, W. Va.) SPRINGFIELD, O.

The Confederate Veteran

and the

Pocahontas Times, \$1.65.



# POCAHONTAS TIMES.

VOL 12, NO. 37.

MARLINTON, WEST VIRGINIA, FRIDAY, APRIL 12, 1895.

\$1.00 IN ADVANCE.

## Official Directory of Pocahontas.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.  
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.  
Sheriff, J. C. Arbaugh.  
Deputy Sheriff, R. K. Burns.  
Clerk County Court, J. H. Patterson.  
Clerk Circuit Court, J. H. Patterson.  
Assessor, C. O. Arbaugh.  
Commissioners On Court, C. E. Board,  
G. M. Koe, A. Barlow.  
County Surveyor, George Baxter.  
County Board of Health, Dr. J. W. Price, L. M. McClintic, M. J. McNeel,  
J. C. Arbaugh.  
Justices: A. C. L. Gatewood, Split  
Rock, Charles Cook, H. H.  
Gross, Huntersville, Wm. L. Brown,  
Innkeepers: G. R. Curry, Academy;  
Thomas Bruffey, Labella.

## THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Tuesday in April, third Tuesday in June, and third Tuesday in October.  
County Court convenes on the first Tuesday in January, March, October, and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

## LAW CARDS.

**N. C. McNEIL,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
MARLINTON, W. VA.  
Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Courts of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

**L. M. McCLINTIC,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
MARLINTON, W. VA.  
Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

**H. S. RUCKER,**  
ATTY. AT LAW & NOTARY PUBLIC  
HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.  
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

**J. W. ARBUCKLE,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
LEWISBURG, W. VA.  
Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties. Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

**W. A. BRATTON,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
MARLINTON, W. VA.  
Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business.

**ANDREW PRICE,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
MARLINTON, W. VA.  
Will be found at Times Office.

**SAM. B. SCOTT, JR.,**  
LAWYER,  
MARLINTON, W. VA.  
All legal business will receive prompt attention.

## PHYSICIAN'S CARDS.

**DR. O. J. CAMPBELL,**  
DENTIST,  
MONTEEY, VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County at least twice a year. The exact date of his visit will appear in this paper.

**DR. J. H. WEYMOUTH,**  
RESIDENT DENTIST,  
BEVERLY, W. VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County every spring and fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in The Times.

**J. M. CUNNINGHAM, M. D.,**  
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,  
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Office next door to H. A. Yeager's Hotel. Residence opposite Hotel. All calls promptly answered.

**J. M. BARNETT, M. D.,**  
HAS LOCATED AT  
FRONT, W. VA.  
Calls promptly answered.

## A Fairy Tale.

The time seems to have come again when men are not afraid to talk of gigantic projections. From every source comes word of a railroad which is to pierce the great Appalachian Range from east to west north of the line of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway. One late sketch speaks of it as being destined to open up a great country which is practically unknown. The writer seemed to ignore us who are living in these parts. Is it possible that during all the years that the county newspapers of this region have been calling attention to the great natural resources of these parts, they have failed to make it plain that there was such a country to be developed?

The article below is from the Baltimore Sunday Herald of March 31st. If it could only be true that eight millions of dollars are to be spent this season on this work, we would know ere long what effect a railroad would have on Pocahontas:

"STAUNTON, VA., March 30.—Of more than ordinary interest, not only to the people of this section of Virginia, but to those of West Virginia and Maryland, is the recent revival of the Chesapeake, Shenandoah and Western railway project.

"The movers contemplate the construction of a line primarily from a point at or near Fredericksburg to Marlinton, the recently-created county seat of Pocahontas, W. Va., but eventually designs to create a continuous system from the great lakes of the Northwest to Virginia tidewater, with the main line passing at a point opposite Cape Charles, or nearly so.

"The charter for this road was granted by the Virginia Legislature at its session in 1892, but to outward appearances the scheme has lain dormant since that time. Its projectors, however, have been quietly at work in the interior examining routes, making estimates, interesting capitalists and attending to the thousand and one things essential to the successful carrying out of a scheme of such magnitude. All this was done so quietly that to those who had not kept well informed in the matter the announcement that the charter fee had been paid and the charter turned over to the Old Dominion Construction Company was somewhat of a surprise, and the further announcement that \$8,000,000 was to be spent in the work of construction in Virginia this season has created a pretty general feeling that the projectors of the new 'cross county' line mean business.

"At first sight, and particularly to those having a superficial knowledge of the topography of the territory through which the route lies, there would seem to be stupendous physical difficulties in the way, as both the Blue Ridge and the Alleghenies must be crossed or penetrated before the road can be completed.

"But both these barriers have been surmounted by the Chesapeake and Ohio, and careful surveys show that the new road can get through with easier grades, shorter tunnels and by a more direct and consequently less expensive route than that adopted by the Chesapeake and Ohio.

"Of the two ranges, the Blue Ridge probably presents the greatest difficulties, but it is not essential to the operation of the road that this portion of it should be constructed at once, as its traffic can be delivered to Baltimore, Washington, Norfolk and other points of commercial importance over either the Baltimore and Ohio, or the Norfolk and Western, both of which roads it will cross at right angles on its western course across the heart of the great valley.

The Blue Ridge at Brown's Gap, entering the valley and crossing the Norfolk and Western at Shenandoah or Port Republic; thence up the valley to the North River of the Shenandoah, six miles to Mount Crawford, whence it will cross the Valley branch of the Baltimore and Ohio.

"This particular portion of the new road is the point of interest to this section of the valley just now. The natural route, if the topography of the valley and directness of the course are to be considered, is the point named, nearly equidistant from Staunton and Harrisonburg, and both towns want the road, with the chances probably somewhat in favor of the latter.

"One inducement Harrisonburg offers is that it controls the former rights of the road projected and partially constructed a number of years ago by R. N. Pool and his associates, which was designed to develop the same territory toward which the Chesapeake, Shenandoah and Western is headed.

"The saving in cost by the use of this already graded roadbed would probably more than compensate for the increased cost of construction necessitated by the detour of some 20 miles from the direct route in order to reach the Rockingham capital. A sort of preliminary showing of hands the other day developed the fact that the people of Harrisonburg had \$170,000 ready to put into the road if it came their way, with strong probabilities that this sum could be readily increased to \$500,000.

"Staunton, up to this time, has done nothing definite, and as the topographical conditions are not in her favor, the probabilities are that she will capture the road in this direction. As to whether the road is worth striving for, and the nature of the traffic it will develop, a summary may not be out of place in this connection.

"At the western edge of the valley it enters Highland county, one of the most isolated sections of the State, so far as means of communication with the outside world is concerned; yet at the same time, probably the wealthiest community, population considered, within the borders of the Old Dominion. The 'cattle on a thousand hills' are there, and, at the close of the grazing season, it is a sight well worth witnessing to see the hundreds of sleek bovines arriving in Staunton from the mountain fastnesses 'on the hoof' for shipment to the Baltimore market principally, though many of them go to Philadelphia and to English ports. Highland is also a grain-raising section, but the difficulty of access to market confines the production of food-stuffs, outside of live stock, to about what is needed for home consumption. For the same reason her forests have remained practically untouched, and her mineral deposits undeveloped, though known to exist.

"From the crest of the Alleghenies the distance is but short into the Gauley basin—a region whose wealth of both mine and forest is so great and so clearly established that no less than five railroads are now entered in the race to secure the rich rewards that await those who penetrate that rich section and open the way for its products to reach the outer world.

"From the junction with the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, the air-line distance to the heart of the Gauley coal-field does not exceed 75 miles. Making liberal allowance for curves and detours necessary to secure easy grades, the total length of the road required would not exceed 90 or 100 miles at most. This would reduce the distance from almost all points in the Valley to the coal fields about one-half, not only effecting a great saving to consumers in the price of fuel, but would also give the benefits of railway competition, as the Gauley coal being identical with that of

New River, the Chesapeake and Ohio could no longer control the coal market of this entire section by reason of the superior quality of fuel it claims to, and does, at present, supply."

## Cross-Country Steeplechase At Mingo.

The above sporting event took place on Thursday, March 28th, in superb weather. The course was flagged out, over the Ward Fields, (kindly lent for the occasion by Mr. E. Ward, of Lee Bell), which lie on the top of Mingo Hill, and was 1½ miles in length, with six log fences as jumps, which had to be negotiated by the horses.

There were several awkward twists and turns in the course—such as to try the mettle of the runners. The "going" was all that could be desired, the recent change in the weather having dried up the land. Mingo Hill afforded a splendid natural "grand-stand" for the crowd of spectators, who mustered up in great force, whilst the rocks and other "coigns of vantage" were taken possession of by enthusiastic sportsmen at an early hour in the afternoon. The "fair sex" graced the festive scene with their presence, and we noticed Mrs. A. D. Bruce, Mrs. R. H. Tuke, and Miss Earnshaw, all mounted on good-looking "palfreys," whilst Miss Ellen Bevan appeared "on wheels," accompanied by the son and heir of Newmarket, who thus made his debut on the turf. "More power to his elbow!"

Nine horses faced the "Official Starter," (Mr. James Hebden), who was decked out in his "Sunday best," and looked "every inch a gentleman!" The following are the names of horses and riders, with the order they finished in:

L. Tuke's Tom, (owner).....1  
R. Hales' Harkaway, (B. Earnshaw).....2  
E. Brook Hunt's Agent, (J. Dandy).....3  
E. Hebden's Miss Muffet, (owner).....4  
S. L. Greas' Dandy Dick, (owner).....5  
A. D. Bruce's Malhattan, (Hainstock).....6  
A. Bruce's Molly, (F. Anderson).....7  
R. Hales' Blunderbus, (A. Bruce).....8  
H. Earnshaw's Confidence, (A. Lawson).....9

Much regret was felt for Mrs. A. D. Bruce, whose entry, Harlequin, got crippled on the very morning of the race, for he was a hot favorite for the event.

At 3 p. m. the start took place near "Fander's House," and it was soon evident that the spectators were to be treated to a "nip-and-tuck" race. The first fence was successfully negotiated by all the contestants, and away they raced, in a cluster, down the first meadow and across the Barny Lot Run, where no luckless wight got drenched, although the stream was swollen to unusual proportions. The second fence presented an awkward take-off, and the "field" soon got spread-eagled; but away they go,—the pace was too hot to inquire after damages! At the Trough-Spring School-House fence Mulhattan (a strong favorite) swerved, and, as it would take a ten-acre field to turn him in, it was seen that his "bolt was shot!" Harkaway now took up the running, closely followed by Tom—both going at break-neck speed all down Mr. E. B. Ward's "Big Meadow," at the bottom of which there was a nasty jump, followed by a sharp turn at the gate by the "Ward Scales. The sporting owner of Dandy Dick (the famous winner of last year's point-to-point race) mistook the scales for a half-way house, and dismounted (against his will) to "get a drink!" A man was sent to this identical spot, on the following day, armed with a sack; but says he failed to pick up the pieces which are supposed to have been chipped off the renowned "Squire of Cheat Hall."

The "neck" was brought up by Molly (who was ridden, every ounce, by Frank Anderson, his first appearance over a steeplechase course), and Confidence, who seemed to be enjoying a go-as-you-please race all to themselves.

Over the river the horses dashed whilst the colors glittered gayly in the sun, and then the point to test the capabilities of the horses ap-

peared in view, in the shape of a short but steep hill, with a fence at top. Up this they crawled, Tom and Harkaway still leading, closely followed by Agent, with Miss Muffet, Blunderbus, and Molly somewhat in the rear, the lot being whipped in by Dandy, (whose jockey now rode like a giant refreshed—after his big drink) and Confidence. Over this fence they came in the above order, which they maintained half way up the field, when Harkaway began to draw away from Tom. For a moment it appeared as if Harkaway would walk away, but Tom soon closed up, and the two came at the last fence at a racing pace. Tom hopped over, but Harkaway, catching the top rail, came down "wollop," leaving Tom to canter in an easy winner. Nothing daunted by his fall, the "Young 'Un" was up and on again, determined to get in for a place, while Agent, hard ridden, was being driven at his last fence. Harkaway's turn of speed enabled him to roll home second, but it was evident that the race for third place would be hardly contested, as Miss Muffet, catching up Agent just before the last fence, the two "flew" it together, and then Jimmy Dunk and Tommy Hebden (the coming feather-weight jock), sat down to ride "all they knew." Up the straight they came, neck and neck, and it appeared as if Miss Muffet would come in third, but by a piece of desperate riding, combined with good judgment and jockeyship, "Jimmy" won third honors for "John Bull" by half a length, amidst vociferous cheering. The beaming smile on our own "John Bull's" jovial "phiz" was the sweetest thing of the whole race!

Great credit is due to L. Tuke for his gallant win on that honest, good-all-around horse, Tom. He is hard to beat in any country.

Much thanks is due to Mr. E. B. Ward for his kindness in allowing the race to be held over his land, and all were pleased to see his handsome face in the crowd. All returned home well satisfied with their day's outing.

"I freely confess that most of my fun, I owe it to horse and to hound!"  
Yours till the last whoop,  
"THE CONFIDENCE MAN."

PLATO who stands at the head of his class as a wise and high minded philosopher, was forced by his reasonings to rest in the belief that matter was one of the two eternally existent principles, hence God's work simply consisted in molding matter into forms, and putting these forms to their respective uses. Others rejected this for the idea that matter is an emanation from God, so in the creation God put as it were a part of himself into the various forms under which nature exists. What Plato and all others taught conflicted more or less with the assertion that God created the heavens and the earth. Philosophers seemed to forget they were not present at the beginning of all things, and that such is the nature of creation that a knowledge of it is impossible aside from super-human communication, dealing as such knowledge with a period of time and a process of energy preceding the existence of the human mind, and hence outside the limits of mental possibility.

On Feb. 3rd, while Rev. Elijah Tiller was crossing the mountain, between Rock House Fork and Wain Pigeon, on his way to fill an appointment on Rock House Fork, he was torn from his horse, presumably by some wild animal, and killed. The pieces of his body were afterward found by Crockett Hatfield. We received this information from Pleasant Chafin.—Logan Banner.



It is said the big crops of Texas will keep the roads of that State out of the receivers' hands.

The Napoleonic revival has increased the demand for art works of every kind that refer to that period.

Every day emphasizes the impression, exclaimed the New York Mail and Express, that China should have stuck to bribe-bribe and let war alone.

Football was a crime in England during the reign of Henry VIII., and the Hartford Journal thinks it is not far from it in this country to-day.

According to the latest census bulletin, Georgia's total population is 1,887,353, and of this number only 32,684 are of foreign parentage, or about 1.78 per cent. of the whole.

Commissioner Coombs thinks that the Salvation Army may be the agents for distribution of meat grown in Queensland all over England, as it is used largely in army depots.

Nicholas II. is gaining great popularity in Russia for his democratic ways, the New York Press facetiously observes. He has been known to drink a cup of coffee after it had been examined by only three expert chemists.

If any one believes that the interest in the horse is to give place before the inroads of electricity, let him attend some great "horse convention," suggests the Farm, Field and Fireside, and note the attention paid the splendid specimens of endurance and intelligence there on exhibition.

There are 50,000 more women than men in the State of New York. The universal law governing such matters makes the female population of a long settled country or district higher than that of one newly settled or partly developed, and so in the New England States the number of women is in excess of the number of men, while in the Western and Pacific States this is reversed.

What is practically the American dollar is in a fair way to be the unit of currency for the world, maintains the New York Independent. It rules this whole continent, and the Mexican dollar is the most popular coin in the East, and the Japanese yen is very nearly the same thing. Now the Bombay mint is beginning to issue what has been called the British dollar, which will have the support of banks and of British and Indian merchants from Bombay to Singapore and Japan.

The Atlanta Constitution remarks: When we read that the late Count de Lesseps was ten years old when the battle of Waterloo was fought, and that he saw both Napoleon and Wellington after that event, the great Corsican seems to be brought within sight of the men of our own times. The fact is, many persons now living might have seen him. Dozens of people in Atlanta were half-grown at the time of the battle of Waterloo, and one lady now living here remembers seeing Napoleon when she was a little child.

About fourteen per cent. of the entire number of medical graduates drop out of the profession within a few years, avers the Chicago Herald. Some few never practice; others are tempted by better inducements into other fields of work; some are driven to suicide on account of failure; others succumb to contagious diseases; still more lose their health on account of exposure to inclement weather and accident, or on account of mental anxiety. Among these we must include those who become insane or who contract the alcohol, morphine or cocaine habit. Worse than all else, a few are driven into quackery. Any one may make a mistake in the choice of life work, and it is no discredit to abandon practice. There are plenty of honorable employments for unsuccessful physicians; there are schools to teach, merchandise to sell, drugs to dispense, news to gather; at any rate there is coal to shovel and wood to saw. It doubtless seems a pity to sacrifice the investment of three or four years' hard work in the study of medicine, but it is cheaper than to sacrifice honor and prostitute medical science to quackery.

#### NOW SHALL I LOVE YOU?

How shall I love you? I dream all day,  
Dear (of a tenderer, sweeter way)  
Songs that I sing to you—words that I say;  
Prayers that are voiceless on lips that would pray—  
These cannot tell of the love of my life;  
How shall I love you—my sweetheart, my wife?

How shall I love you? Love is the bread  
Of life to a woman—the white and the red  
Of all the world's roses; the light that is shed  
On all the world's pathways, till light shall be dead!

The star in the storm and the strength in the strife;  
How shall I love you—my sweetheart, my wife?

Is there a burden your heart must bear?  
I shall kneel lowly and lift it, dear!  
Is there a thorn in the crown that you wear?  
Let it hide in my heart till a rose blossoms there!

For grief or for glory—for death or for life,  
So shall I love you—my sweetheart, my wife!  
—F. L. Stanton, in Ladies' Home Journal.

#### JACK'S SURRENDER.



O, mother, no!  
It is absolutely useless! We may as well drop the subject.

My mother held her hands towards the fire—plump little hands covered with rings, the last coquetry of her sixty years.

"Jack," she replied, sternly, "you are as headstrong as your father used to be. When he was of your age he would not listen to a word about marriage. Poor man! He much preferred his famous Bachelors' Club, and swore to remain faithful to its laws. But, mark my words, before you know it, you, too, will be walking up to the altar, my friend. 'On le pere a passe pesser, bien l'enfant!' (The son follows in the footsteps of his father)—Alfred de Musset tells us."

"Oh, that's all very well," I cry, "but in my father's youth the girls were not full of notions like these of to-day; they were modestly educated young girls, the extent of their ambition being to read a sonnet, write a correct note, and make a fairly graceful courtesy. But now—"

"Well, Jack, you are not complimentary, to say the least," interrupted my mother. "It is your opinion, then, that the girls of my day were little more than simpletons?"

"I beg your pardon, mother, dear! But even you must admit that formerly the education of young girls was much less pretentious, and I think more consistent, than that of our little blue-stockings; for when they left boarding-school they had only enough instruction to enable them to understand the pages of a romance or follow a conversation; not enough to humiliate their mothers, and not infrequently their husbands as well. From their infancy they were prepared to fill the roles of wives and mothers, and the happy husband could sleep contentedly every night in the assurance that the 'angel of the fireside' would superintend the desserts and darn his socks conscientiously."

Mamma started impatiently from her chair.

"Jack, it seems strange that a woman of the old school should be obliged to combat your prejudices. But I assure you, my dear, that in my time the majority of those 'angels of the fireside,' whose praises you sing so loudly, were very shallow girls. What girl of spirit would be contented with the secondary role that you men would like to impose upon her? No, no! It is not the learning of your wife which frightens you, young men; it is your own ignorance. Oh, it is nothing more nor less than self-conceit! If you had not been afflicted with laziness while in college you would fear comparisons less!"

"Oh! oh! mother you're too bad!"

"You maintain, then, that Latin, Greek—a college education, in short—is incompatible with modesty, grace, sweetness and the domestic qualities of a woman?"

"I do maintain it most emphatically."

"Very well. Go to Mme. Desjardins with me this evening. There shall be no more talk of marriage. It is simply an unceremonious call. You will see the twins, and can judge for yourself, my son, since you have so slight a regard for my experience. You understand that you are free to do exactly as you like. In fact, you need come to me for no information or advice on the subject. Go and dress, my son."

Marry a baccalaureate! Heavens! when I heard my mother's wish I felt a shiver run down my back. Look here, mamma, you may as well be honest and say outright that you are planning my death, and by what means! Why not throw me overboard and done with it?

In Hymen with the caution of a Sioux Indian! Alas! cruel mother, what have I done to you? Have I not for love of you heard *La Dame Blanche* eight times?

From the bottom of my heart I cursed Vichy and its waters. Vichy with its shady walks, Vichy and its promenade concerts, where mothers in quest of sons-in-law meet mothers in quest of daughters-in-law. Was it not there under the shades of the park that Mme. Desjardins and my mother met after years of separation? Was it not there that they formed the first conspiracy against the security of my bachelorhood?

Here we are at Mme. Desjardins! "My dear friend, let me present my son."

"Little Jack!"

I am annoyed by this exclamation. I feel that my appearance in the drawing-room is made ridiculous. This good lady in green satin knew me as a boy, in the golden days of black marks and whippings. It is very delightful, I am sure, and I ought to be charmed; but thirty unknown faces stare curiously at this "little Jack," with a respectable mustache, whom Mme. Desjardins finds "much changed." Great Scott! I should hope so, in fifteen years! Confound her reminiscences of childhood! She might as well talk of my first kilts or inquire if I have brought my hoop.

Fortunately Mme. Desjardins adds a few words of gracious welcome which restore my breath, and mother turns to introduce me to the young ladies.

The Misses Desjardins are twins, a blonde and a brunette. They are of the same stature, and dress alike even to ribbons; but here the resemblance ceases.

Miss Martha, the brunette, is a beautiful woman—too beautiful, for simple mortals. A Greek goddess! A Pallas Athene! Her features are pure and cold; her rich black hair forms a royal diadem about her head. Rose is less of a woman, less imposing.

A real Greuze, this young girl!—bewitchingly pretty, with her little Parisian nose, her dimpled cheeks, and fair hair which looks as if powdered with gold. What a smile! What a voice—so sweet, so sweet! A veritable child, whom one might still suspect of playing with her dolls when no one is by, in spite of her nineteen years—and a child who surely is no Bachelor of Arts.

Mamma had never mentioned the name of the learned Miss Desjardins, but who could dream of insulting this exquisite Miss Rose by even a suspicion?

The other is the baccalaureate. I am sure of it. Could she have appeared, draped like a statue in the salons of the First Empire, she would have struck wonder to all hearts! Her rich voice, a vibrating contralto, must show to advantage in scantling hexameters. I can appreciate her taste. Great Scott! Greek must be becoming to this classic beauty. What a thrill of admiration would run through an audience as she murmured in the original: "The Plaints of Tysaglenia!"

A little informal dancing is proposed. I offered my arm to the little Greuze. So much the worse for the Grecian goddess, the Pallas Athene. Between two waltzes I had an opportunity to talk with my charming little partner, who glides about like a fairy in a cloud of blue gauze, a fan of pigeon feathers beats against her delicate breast, like the wing of a dove.

In a quarter of an hour I feel that I am competent to judge of Miss Rose. She is bright, but I take care to keep the conversation on simple topics. She would find it difficult to display much learning! She is a good little girl, very acute, rather roguish, but simple, frank and unassuming. She loves music, can sketch cleverly, and last year, while visiting her aunt in the country, she had a delightful time making preserves. Dear little Greuze! What delicious preserves yours must be! and what an adorable little housewife you must make, in a large white apron, your sleeves rolled up to show the dimples in your elbows!

Look! you can see them now, just above your gloves. What a sweet picture! Surely, I have found the dream of my life—a dear, rosy, ingenious little wife, who makes preserves!—"Jack, dearie, taste my jelly." How these words go to a man's heart! What baccalaureate would ever condescend to call me "dearie?" She would never make me preserves.

Thus I rush into it. I divulge my theories upon the education and destiny of woman. Wife and mother—the Angel of the Fireside, no more, no less. Slyly I send a few arrows flying against the pedestal of the Grecian goddess, the Pallas Athene, and I praise with rare tact, I flatter myself, the art of housekeeping, which I am sure Miss Rose understands to perfection. But I immediately repent. She blushes with modesty, poor child! Perhaps, too, she is a little hurt to see her sister's baggage classique so little appreciated.

Quick, I must repair my blunder. I will ask Pallas Athene for a quadrille.

"Well, Jack," said mamma, when comfortably installed in the coupe which was carrying us far from Miss Rose, "do you regret having thrown away your evening, my son?"

"Thrown away" is rather severe.

mamma! Had Mme. Desjardins and her daughters been much less charming, I should not have regretted accompanying you when you wanted me to do so. But my opinions are unchanged, I confess; baccalaureates have no charm for me."

"As you like, my son. You are perfectly welcome to your opinion."

What was the meaning of the smile, half-satisfied, half-roguish, which flitted across mamma's face, under the shadow of her white lace scarf?

Oh, Rose! Rose! Every night my dreams are haunted by your dress of azure blue. Why, oh Rose, are your eyes the color of your gown? Why do tiny curls escape from the coil of your fair hair to nestle tremblingly in your neck, like a pale smoke, a golden mist? Why do gay dimples spring in your velvety cheeks when you smile? Above all, why, oh Rose of May, sweet Rose without thorns, has heaven placed you beside a gorgeous but perfumeless tulip, glowing like a flame in the pride of her beauty?

Rose, you have made me faithful to the classic beauty. For me your sister Martha possesses only the cold majesty of a statue; a religious awe steals over me when gazing on your pure face. Rose, I am only happy near you!

Thus my thoughts wandered for eight long days. Was it my thoughts alone? What was there to prevent the straying of my heart as well?

I have seen her again! I see her now every week. I have a standing invitation to Mme. Desjardins' Wednesday evenings, and she, with her daughters, comes regularly to mother's Friday receptions.

My mind is filled with a collection of portraits representing Miss Rose in various guises. Miss Rose in her fairy like ball dress, Miss Rose in an exquisitely fitting calling suit of delicate gray, Miss Rose in a white house dress, adorned with a dainty Russian apron. But in these various aspects she is always the same little Rose, whose sweet graces have gone to my very heart.

One morning I rushed into my mother's room.

"Mamma, I love Miss Rose. I must marry her. Put on your calling dress as quickly as you can. Take a carriage, fly to Mme. Desjardins, and tell her that, if she refuses to let me marry her daughter, I shall be wild with despair—that I shall drown myself—that—"

"Well, well, John, not so fast, I beg," replied, mamma, quietly. "It is not customary to make an offer of marriage at 9 o'clock in the morning. Besides, my dear," she added, as she placed her coffee-cup upon the dressing table, "you must remember our compact. You are not to ask advice, information or assistance from me. Marry whom you like. Arrange matters as best you can. It is your own affair."

Decidedly, mamma is still vexed with me. Very well; I will do without her advice and assistance. This evening, yes, this very evening, I shall lay my heart, my name, my fortune and my life at the feet of my dear Rose."

The day passed in an agony of hope and fear. And to think that I, practical man that I am, kissed at least a hundred times a flower stolen from my idol! And I gazed at that flower like a school girl dreaming over a faded marguerite as she thinks of the vows of her cousin.

There is a concert and ball at Mme. Desjardins'.

In the bay window—she wears the blue tulie dress—I have heaven in my soul. Oh, how beautiful the May nights are when one can throw open the windows of the ballroom! When happy couples, a black coat and a light dress, stray out upon the balcony to gaze up at the stars. When the air is filled with the intoxicating odor of the dewy foliage.

Does Rose encourage me to confidences? She seems vaguely melancholy, and the smile has fled from her lips. Our talk is serious, and is interrupted by those long pauses when the heart seems full to bursting. Strange! It seems as if a new being were gradually being evolved from the young girl I have known. Rose seems like a woman to me now; yes, like a woman who still retains the sweet naivete of a child.

The glimpses I catch of this unknown person throws an irresistible charm over my already stricken heart. What an infinitude of perspectives is unveiled to my view; child, woman, trust me! Do not hide from me longer the mysterious treasures of tenderness half hidden by thy sweet purity! We are alone. The stars watch over us. I cannot help but adore thee.

I bend towards her. Suddenly, behind us, there is a movement of chairs and a rustling of dresses. Whispers interrupt me.

"The Mariant is going to sing," murmur the voices.

Oh, what is the famous cantatrice to me! I am vexed at the interruption. But soon the light chords of the prelude reach us like the awaking of birds in the fields at break of day; then a voice is heard above the rustling of fans, a magnificent voice which calms me, moves me, penetrates to my very soul, and I feel a great wave of harmony pass over me.

She sings:

Waiter, hark to my prayer!  
Listen to me, I implore!  
My heart will surely break.  
And for all thy dear sake!  
Maiden, I love thee  
As I have never, never loved before!

Heavens! I lose my head—I seize the trembling hand resting upon the window sill. Rose starts. Sing on, blessed voice! sing on, and whisper to my beloved all that fills my heart. And yet I dare not speak:

Fain would I serve thee,  
My lady love, my queen,  
Lo! wherefore thus prostrate I'm kneeling.

Ah, trust me, and I will faithfully serve,  
Be but my own; my wife! my love!

A round of applause follows. I bend towards my darling, who smiles, but seems ready to cry.

"Rose, Rose, do you understand? Rose, will you trust me that I may prove my faithfulness to thee? Will you be 'my own; my wife; my love?'"

She sighs, she trembles! "No, I am not mistaken! She loves me! She loves me! I read it in her eyes!"

"Rose, I love you. I adore you for your simplicity, for your sweet naivete, for your adorable ignorance of the life and ways of this world. In you I find my ideal of what woman should be. One who has lived a quiet, secluded life in the bosom of her family, happy in the sweet home life that is the scorn of pedants and blue-stockings. You are the companion of my dreams. Oh, Rose, my Rose—say that you can love me!"

She grows pale, then red; and the tears fill her eyes; then she becomes paler still, and replies very softly, but calmly and sadly:

"No, Mr. Jack, I am not your ideal woman. You have so often described her to me, so often and so cruelly, perhaps, that I might almost ask myself at this moment if you are mocking me. But I feel that for the time being, at least, you are sincere. You love me, you say, because I am simple and gay, as girls of my age should be; because I do not scorn home life, and because I make a fairly good hostess. But you wouldn't love me any more, I'm afraid—you would find me ridiculous, you would leave me in disappointment, if you knew!"

"Knew what? Rose, for heaven's sake?"

"I am surprised that you do not know what all our friends know—your mother as well as any one. I have—I am—I am a Bachelor of Arts! And you have sworn never to marry a Bachelor of Arts. You told me so yourself."

"You a baccalaureate, Rose! Is it possible? I thought it was your sister!"

"No, it is not my sister. Unfortunately it is I," she sobbed.

"Dear Rose, my dearly beloved, why can't I throw myself on my knees before you here in the bow window and make honorable amends for my stupidity? Ah, fool that I have been, and how blind! Here I have caused this angel of simplicity to blush for her learning! I have wounded and humiliated her! But how could I have dreamed that fate had reserved such a rare treasure for me? Such a mind, united with sweet womanly grace and a true heart. Rose, speak to me in Latin; speak to me in Greek, but tell me that you love me, even if it is in the language of Homer! Oh, Rose! I will study my forgotten declensions to please you, and we will discuss philosophy together by our fireside! Have I obtained my pardon? Will you believe me, my dearest?"

She places her trembling little hand in mine, while the Mariant repeats once more with her divine voice the impassioned love song:

Maiden, I love thee  
As I have never, never loved before!

Rose is my wife now. We discuss all sorts of subjects as we admire our baby, who dances gayly on the knees of his future preceptor.

As for me, I am the happiest of men; my wife is so bewitching when, to tease me, she says in Latin, what we are always thinking, "I love thee?"

If you come to see us in the country you shall taste the preserves of my fair baccalaureate, and you must give me your opinion of them, you gentlemen who swear so strongly never to marry a Bachelor of Arts.—From the French, in Romance.

#### Glass Houses.

One of the promised novelties of the next great Exposition will be a glass house. The building will have a skeleton frame of iron, on which will be fastened glass panes, making a double wall. The roof will be of tinted glass, and cornices, foundation, doorstep and stairways will be of thick slabs of glass. Imitations of all sorts of building material will be possible in the new house, and the tops of pillars and mouldings will be stamped in arabesques and flowers. By improved methods, glass tubing and pipes are made that have a resistance equal to cast-iron. When these pipes can be used for conveying water, we will be sure of a much better quality of this article than at present, as no peculiarities of soil can corrode them, and the water will acquire no unusual taste.—New York Ledger.

The first shipment of railway ties made of Australian timber has just been placed to England. Much is expected of this trade in the future.



## ELECTRIC COOKING.

THE OLD-TIME KITCHEN TO BE REPLACED BY ELECTRICITY.

Cooking, Washing, Heating and Lighting Will Be Done by Electric Currents—Devices Already in Use in Some Houses.

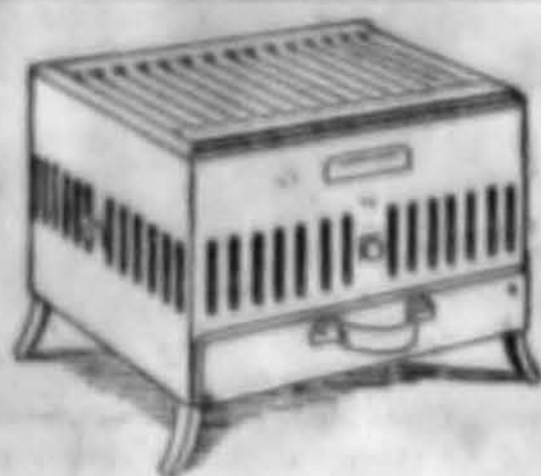
HOUSEKEEPERS have not generally recognized and welcomed the electric current as yet because they are not well acquainted with this stranger, who enters the house so stealthily and will do everything with such wonderful efficiency. But electricity's merits as a domestic servant are becoming better known every day, says the New York Press.

"It won't be long," says a woman who has cooked with it since the apparatus was first invented, "before the current will be universally used in the preparation of food, and then cooking will become a real art. The kitchen may be a room of delightful, even luxurious appointments, and the mistress of the house will be the cook."

The realization of this dream of an emancipated kitchen—emancipated from the ashes and slowless and uncertainty of coal—has been delayed somewhat, the chief difficulty being objections on the ground of danger of fire from the heated utensils.

Inventors have recently perfected devices, however, which minimize the chances of fire. All utensils likely to grow very hot in use are incased in slate or marble—non-conductors of heat. These stands are not necessary for tea kettles and coffee pots, whose temperature never rises above 212 de-

"Look into the oven," she said. "That will convince you." It isn't necessary to open the electric oven to



THREE SECTION BROILER.

see within far. You look through a little glass window. A tiny incandescent light illuminated the interior, and showed a fat turkey and a small thermometer, which told exactly how much heat was giving him the appetizing color. The cook took a critical glance herself.

"It won't hurt him to have a little more heat on top," she said, as she turned a screw. "You see, I can have the heat wherever I want it. In the bottom and about the sides of the oven and other utensils are coils of metal which offer resistance to the current. This resistance you probably know makes heat. It comes so quickly and in such abundance that this ten pound turkey will cook in an hour and a quarter, although three hours is the time in an ordinary oven. I put my soup on after the stock has been prepared, and turn on the current. In four minutes it is ready to serve. I can boil it in another way. It is done with this queer utensil." The cook picked up an object which looked more like a stocking darning than anything else. The wires enter the handle and heat

A prominent cooking teacher was asked about cooking by electricity. "You have come to an enthusiast," she said. "Electricity is grand. The heat doesn't go up the chimney; it doesn't radiate into the kitchen—it stays just where you want it, and you can control it with a turn of the wrist. It is true economy of fuel, and economy is the soul of cookery. There is another point. The quicker a joint of meat is cooked the less will be the loss in weight and flavor. There is economy again. Of course we cannot overlook the vastly better cooking which even scientifically regulated heat and utensils unsoiled by soot and coal dust will lead to; nor the easier, daintier cooking which the absence of fires and ashes will permit. When electricity comes into general use ladies will attend to their cooking personally, instead of leaving this most important element in domestic happiness to incompetent servants, and then there will be culinary art in fact as well as in name."

"But," continued the teacher, with a smile, "there is one thing to be feared from the introduction of electricity. Bachelors could cook dainty breakfasts in their own rooms with such delightful ease that they wouldn't think of marriage. The young man would need only two or three utensils—indeed, a chafing dish would do it all. When he arose in the morning he could put on his electric stove whatever he chose, turn on the current and before the completion of his toilet breakfast would be waiting. The ladies will naturally think twice before allowing bachelorhood any such ease and charm as that."

The drawback to the general adoption of electricity in the household is the expense of the current. At present only families of wealth can afford it. With improved machinery and dynamos, electricity is, however, slowly but inevitably becoming cheaper. It cannot be many years before the electrical kitchen will be within the reach of any family of very moderate means. Already along streets where trolley cars run electricity is used for sewing machines and even for pumping. With the electrical utensils herewith shown almost any household may do away with the oil or gas stove.

### Twelve Years of Congress.

Chairman W. L. Wilson, of Congress, defeated for re-election last November, is to write a book. It is to be a political history of Congress for the past twelve years, during



WILLIAM L. WILSON.

which period he has been a member of the House of Representatives. The work will be begun after March 4 next at Mr. Wilson's home in Charlestown, W. Va., where he expects to resume his legal practice.

### To Set Fire to a Pile of Snow.

When you go out in winter while there is snow on the ground, says La Science en Famille to its boy



GETTING FIRE TO A PILE OF SNOW.

readers, do not forget to put a few bits of camphor in your pocket. They will prove useful to you for playing an innocent little trick that will surprise your companions, whom you have previously told that you are going to set a pile of snow on fire.

After gathering a small quantity of snow and arranging it in a conical pile, place in the summit of it the few pieces of camphor in question, the color of which will sufficiently conceal them, and which will pass unperceived unless a very close-by observation is made.

Now apply a lighted match to the camphor and the latter will immediately take fire and burn with a beautiful flame, to the great surprise of spectators who are not in the secret.

### Finnegan's Invention.



Finnegan (struggling up the ladder)—"It's a fool I am not to thought of this thirty years ago."—New York World.

### Well Spoken Of.

A certain Mme. Cresswell died in Bridewell, and bequeathed ten pounds to have a sermon preached, in which nothing but what was well of her should be said. The sermon is said to have been written by the Duke of Buckingham, and was as follows: All I shall say of her is this: "She was born well, married well, lived well, and died well. For she was born at Shadwell, married to Cresswell, she lived at Clerkenwell, and died at Bridewell."—Tit-Bits.

### A Prolonged Farewell.



9 p. m.



10 p. m.



11 p. m.



12 p. m.—Munsey.

### LULLABY.

Dear little girl, good-night, good-night! The pretty birds in their nests are still; We watched the sun as he sank from sight, Over the tree tops on yonder hill. Two stars have come since the daylight went Away over there in the sky's dark blue, They must be angels that God has sent To watch my baby the whole night through. Dear little girl, good-night, good-night! I hear the frogs in the meadow call; They croak and croak in the evening light, Down in the pond by the old stone wall. I think, perhaps, that they tell the flowers Never to fear, though the world is dark, They know the daffodil lights the hours All night long with his cheerful spark. Dear little girl, good-night, good-night! Dear little head, with your silky hair, Dear little form that I hold so tight, Cozy and warm in the nursery chair! White lids are closing the eyes so clear, Over their blossoms the tresses creep, Slower and slower I rock you dear, My little girl is asleep, asleep. —Good Housekeeping.

### HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Only the untired man wholly trusts himself. —Dallas News.

What nine men out of ten want is a home with hotel comforts. —Pack.

A preferred creditor is usually one that doesn't fight for prompt payment. —Pack.

These balloon sleeves evidently come of a desire to widen woman's sphere. —Boston Transcript.

A man who is a complete failure is nearly always particularly fond of giving advice. —Acheson Globe.

It was a junior in the Abilene High School who wrote "Evening Dawned at Last." —Leavenworth Times.

An egotist reminds one of a lizard; lop off a bit of him, he squirms a little and straightway grows on again.

Some future generation,  
If we make no mistake,  
Will kick about the biscuits  
That papa used to bake. —Detroit Tribune.

If you can't remember what the string tied on your finger was to remind you of, you are getting old. —Acheson Globe.

"That must be a very good book Jumper is reading." "Impossible. He seems to be profoundly interested." —Chicago Inter-Ocean.

A housekeeper up town says her grocer is so slow with his delivery that when she orders eggs the boy brings her chickens. —Philadelphia Record.

Morton—"Are you sure that Penam is really reconciled with his wife?" Crandall—"Yes, I am sure of it, for she reads what he writes and he eats what she cooks." —Truth.

"They say it is electricity," said Pat, as he stopped before the incandescent street-light, "but I'll be nanged if I see how it is they make the hairpin burn in the bottle." —Yale Record.

Sympathy—"My lord," said an overworked parson to his bishop, "I have not had a holiday for five years." "I am very sorry for your congregation," replied his lordship, with a smile. —Tit-Bits.

Hostess—"I am going to ask you to take a charming widow down to dinner. Will you?" Burrows—"Certainly. I'll take her anywhere that there is a crowd to protect me." —Boston Transcript.

Loud sobbed the tramp; his great wet tears Left large and briny tracks. "Pray what," quoth I, "if not too bold, Your heart so sorely racks?" Alas! sobbed he, "I've just been told About this income tax." —Boston Budget.

We often sneer at the Egyptians for being a slow people, but on the contrary they must have been a very busy race. Even the mummies appear to have been pressed for time. —Rockland (Me.) Tribune.

"But, Emma, how can you prefer the plain and shabbily-dressed Julius to my elegant and handsome brother?" "That is quite simple; your brother is in love with himself, and Julius with me." —Life.

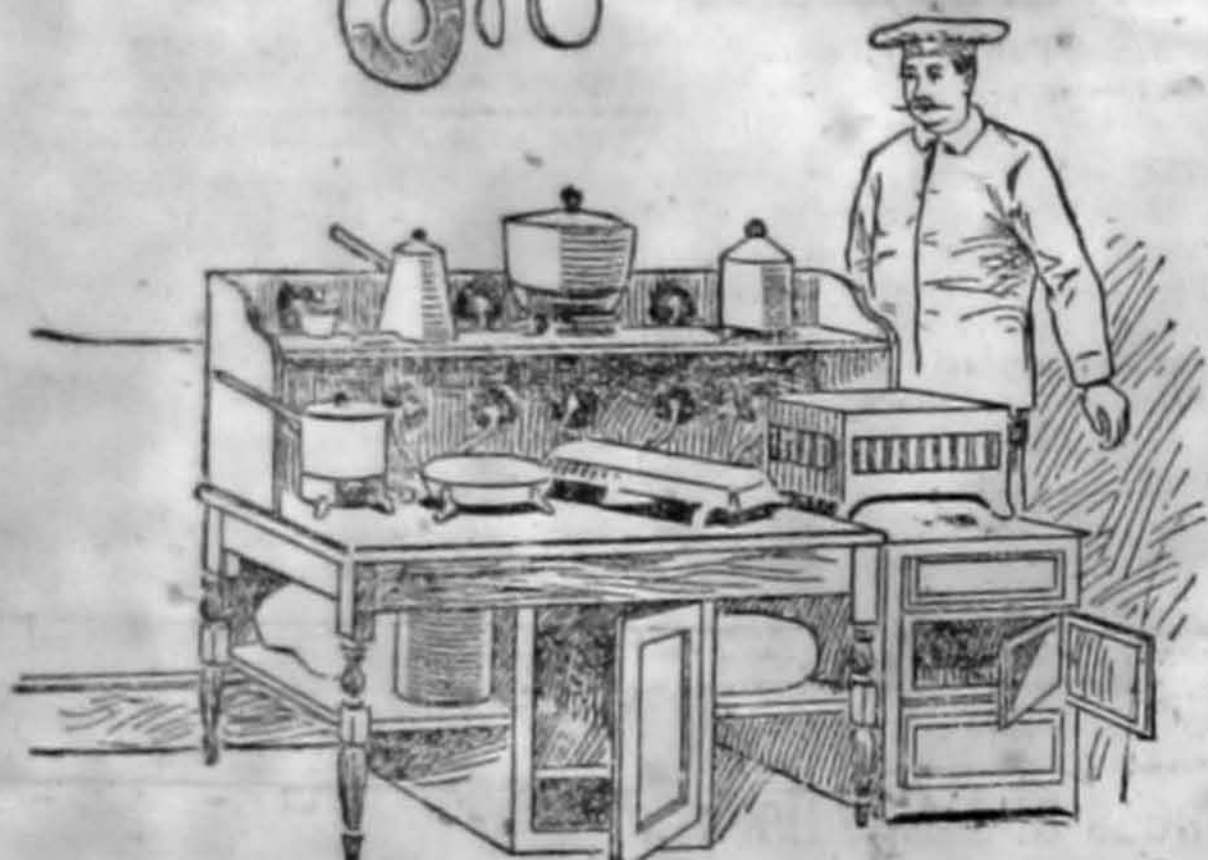
"I think Miss Smith and Mr. Jones must be engaged; they have had their portraits taken together." "Indeed? I am glad to hear it. I know when I introduced them that she would be taken with him." —New York Press.

### A Huge Moose-Head.

What is probably one of the finest moose-heads in the world was taken to Bangor, Me., this week by G. H. Crocker, of Fitzburg, Mass. The animal was shot up in Aroostook County at the Ox Bow, and the moose weighed 1400 pounds. It is about absolutely perfect in size, shape and spread of the antlers. The antlers spread sixty inches, and when it is considered that fifty-one inches is a large spread, some idea of the immense antlers of this moose is obtained. The largest set of antlers of which there is any record is sixty-one inches, and this moose surpassed that animal in the shape and formation. —Boston Herald.

### A Stern Disciplinarian.

General Count von Hesel, of the German Army, is a stern old soldier and a strict disciplinarian. He has been known to stop a subordinate in the street and make him remove his boots and stockings to see if his feet were clean. —Chicago Herald.



THE ELECTRICAL COOKING STOVE.

grees. They are attached to wires, which will pull out and shut off the current if the utensil is knocked over. Flat irons are so connected that when the current is turned off the iron cools.

Several residences in this city are being fitted with electrical cooking and heating apparatus. A prominent hotel is using the current for part of its cooking. Two of the biggest and fastest of the ocean greyhounds are heated by it, and their owners are contemplating its adoption in their culinary departments. In one residence the cooking, heating and lighting are all done by the swift and tireless current. It is a Brooklyn house, the home of J. Foster Peabody, in Monroe place, in which you can get the best idea of the kitchen of the future.

"Oh, you want to find out about the electricity," said the young lady to whom the Press reporter was referred when he had made known his errand. "It is delightful. But, of course, you want to see for yourself. The cook is preparing dinner, but electricity in the kitchen is her one weakness, and I think she will tell you something of it and let you look at the utensils even at this rather inconvenient time."

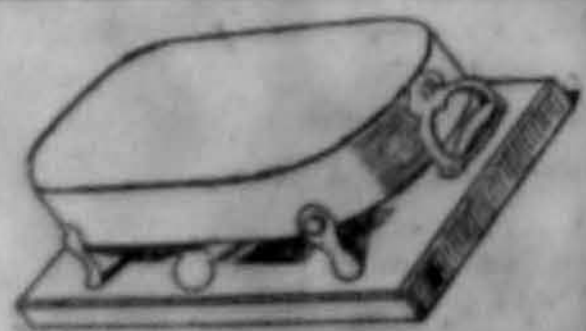
A mingled aroma of roasting turkey, boiling onions, turnips and cranberry sauce was perceptible as I followed my guide toward the kitchen. We entered a bright room, where, in place of the range, is a sort of big table, with shelves behind and beneath, and at one side a square board, upon which are levers and thumb screws. The water in the tea kettle was bubbling merrily. There was nothing at all strange in the appearance of these

the broad end, which is thrust into the uncooked soap. Almost immediately it begins to bubble and spatter, as if in protest of this strange thing, and in a minute or two is done.

"My mince pies," continued the cook, "will be baked in ten minutes to a beautiful golden brown and will be exactly the same on the top and bottom. A whole dinner can be cooked in an hour and a half. The coffee, tea or chocolate is made at the table with electricity, of course. These improvements are making me lazy, I fear. I don't get up hours before breakfast now, and come down to the kitchen to stare at a cold and dirty range, and then get down on my knees and scrape and rake for half an hour, and even then be uncertain whether the fire is going to burn or not. I get breakfast ready in twenty minutes. Then the ironing! I used to dream of the big pile of white clothes that I dreaded to do. I don't feel that way now, because the electric irons save so many steps to and from the stove. The wires run into the iron and keep it just the right heat as long as it is being used."

Things were steaming and sputtering, and the dinner required the whole attention of the cook, so I took my departure to other parts of the house. Down into the cellar a long, funnel like structure of wood conducts the air from the street into a big pipe to the top of the house, where the warm air is distributed through other pipes. On the inside surface of all of the pipes are coils of wire, over which the current flows, heating the metal, which in turn gives warmth to the air on its way to the various apartments. The apparatus is, of course, separated from the woodwork by a non-conductor of heat. In some of the rooms are portable electric heaters, which are obviously better adapted to general use than the expensive system of pipes they supplement in the Peabody House. The principle of heating is, however, exactly the same in both. The air of the room enters the heater from below, passes over the hot surface and flows out at the top.

It had grown dark by the time both the cooking and heating apparatus had been passed in review. "The lights, Mary," came a voice down the stairs, and the gloom is dispelled by little incandescent lamps, which shine from cozy nooks and gleamed softly everywhere through the house.



PORTABLE STOVE.

utensils, except the mysterious green cord attached to each. A middle-aged woman, in a spotless white apron, looked up with a smile when she learned that I wanted to see if electricity really does cook.